POEMS
AND
TRANSLATIONS,
WITH THE
SOPHY.

Written by the Honourable
Sir *JOHN DENHAM*
Knight of the *Bath*.

The Second Impression.

LONDON,
Printed by *J. M.* for *H. Herringman* at the Sign of the *Blew-Anchor* in the *Lower-Walk* of the *New-Exchange*. 1671.

To the King.

SIR,

AFter the delivery of your Royal Father's Perſon into the hands of the Army, I undertaking to the Queen Mother, that I would find ſome means to get acceſs to him, ſhe was pleaſed to ſend me, and by the help of Hugh Peters I got my admittance, and coming well inſtructed from the Queen (his Majeſty having been long kept in the dark) he was pleaſed to diſcourſe very freely with me of the whole ſtate of his Affairs: But Sir, I will not lanch into a Hiſtory, inſtead of an Epiſtle. One morning waiting on him at Cauſham, ſmiling upon me, he ſaid he could tell me ſome news of my ſelf, which was that he had ſeen ſome Verſes of mine the evening before (being thoſe to Sir R. Fanſhaw) and asking me when I made them, I told him two or three

years since; he was pleased to say, that having never seen them before, He was afraid I had written them since my return into England, *and though he liked them well, he would advise me to write no more, alledging, that when men are young, and have little else to do, they might vent the over-flowings of their Fancy that way, but when they were thought fit for more serious Employments, if they still persisted in that course, it would look, as if they minded not the way to any better.*

Whereupon I stood corrected as long as I had the honour to wait upon him, and at his departure from Hampton Court, *he was pleased to command me to stay privately at* London, *to send to him and receive from him all his Letters from and to all his Correspondents at home and abroad, and I was furnisht with nine several Cyphers in order to it: Which trust I performed with great safety to the persons with whom we corresponded; but about nine months after being discovered by their knowledge of* Mr. Cowleys *hand,*

I happily escaped both for my self, and those that held correspondence with me; that time was too hot and busie for such idle speculations, but after I had the good fortune to wait upon your Majesty in Holland *and* France, *you were pleased sometimes to give me arguments to divert and put off the evil hours of our banishment, which now and then fell not short of your Majesties expectation.*

After, when your Majesty departing from St. Germayns *to* Jersey, *was pleased freely (without my asking) to confer upon me that place wherein I have now the honour to serve you, I then gave over Poetical lines, and made it my business to draw such others as might be more serviceable to your Majesty, and I hope more lasting. Since that time I never disobeyed my old Masters commands till this Summer at the Wells, my retirement there tempting me to divert those melancholy thoughts, which the new apparitions of Forreign invasion, and domestick discontent gave us: But these clouds being now happily blown over, and our Sun*

cleerly

cleerly ſhining out again, I have recovered the relapſe, it being ſuſpected that it would have proved the Epidemical diſeaſe of age, which is apt to fall back into the follies in youth; yet Socrates, Ariſtotle, *and* Cato *did the ſame, and* Scaliger *ſaith that Fragment of* Ariſtotle, *was beyond any thing that* Pindar *or* Homer *ever wrote. I will not call this a* Dedication, *for thoſe Epiſtles are commonly greater abſurdities than any that come after; for what Author can reaſonably believe, that fixing the great name of ſome eminent Patron in the forehead of his book can charm away cenſure, and that the firſt leaf ſhould be a curtain to draw over and hide all the deformities that ſtand behind it? neither have I any need of ſuch ſhifts, for moſt of the parts of this body have already had Your Majeſties view, and having paſt the Teſt of ſo clear and ſharp-ſighted a Judgment, which has as good a Title to give Law in Matters of this Nature as in any other, they who ſhall preſume to diſſent from your Majeſty, will do*

more

more wrong to their own Judgment, then their Judgment can do to me: And for thoſe latter Parts which have not yet received Your Majeſties favourable Aſpect, if they who have ſeen them do not flatter me, (for I dare not truſt my own Judgment) they will make it appear, that it is not with me as with moſt of mankind, who never forſake their darling vices, till their vices forſake them; and that this Divorce was not Frigiditatis causâ, *but an Act of Choice, and not of Neceſſity. Therefore, Sir, I ſhall only call it an humble Petition, that Your Majeſty will pleaſe to pardon this new amour to my old Miſtreſs, and my diſobedience to his Commands, to whoſe memory I look up with great Reverence and Devotion, and making a ſerious reflection upon that wiſe Advice, it carries much greater weight with it now, than when it was given, for when age and experience has ſo ripened mans diſcretion as to make it fit for uſe, either in private or publick Affairs, nothing blaſts and corrupts the fruit of it ſo much as the empty, airy repu-*

reputation of being Nimis Poeta, *and therefore I shall take my leave of the Muses, as two of my Predecessors did, saying*

Splendidis longum vale dico nugis,
Hic versus & cætera ludicra pono.

Your Majesties most faithful
and loyal Subject, and most
dutiful and devoted servant

Jo. Denham.

Coopers Hill.

SUre there are Poets which did never dream
Upon *Parnaſſus*, nor did taſte the ſtream
Of *Helicon*, we therefore may ſuppoſe
Thoſe made not Poets, but the Poets thoſe.
And as Courts make not Kings, but Kings the Court,
So where the Muſes and their train reſort,
Parnaſſus ſtands; if I can be to thee
A Poet, thou *Parnaſſus* art to me.

Nor wonder, if (advantag'd in my flight,
By taking wing from thy auſpicious height)
Through untrac't ways, and aery paths I flye,
More boundleſs in my Fancy than my eye:
My eye, which ſwift as thought contracts the ſpace
That lies between, and firſt ſalutes the place
Crown'd with that ſacred pile, ſo vaſt ſo high,
That whether 'tis a part of Earth, or Sky,
Uncertain ſeems, and may be thought a proud
Aſpiring mountain, or deſcending cloud,
Paul's, the late theme of ſuch a Muſe whoſe flight M.W.
Has bravely reach't and ſoar'd above thy height:
Now ſhalt thou ſtand though ſword, or time, or fire,
Or zeal more fierce then they, thy fall conſpire,
Secure, whilſt thee the beſt of Poets ſings,
Preſerv'd from ruine by the beſt of Kings.

Under his proud ſurvey the City lies,
And like a miſt beneath a hill doth riſe;
Whoſe ſtate & wealth the buſineſs and the crowd,
Seems at this diſtance but a darker cloud:
And is to him who rightly things eſteems,
No other in effect than what it ſeems:
Where, with like haſte, though ſeveral ways, they run
Some to undo, and ſome to be undone;
While luxury, and wealth, like war and peace,
Are each the others ruine, and increaſe;
As Rivers loſt in Seas ſome ſecret vein
Thence reconveys, there to be loſt again.
Oh happineſs of ſweet retir'd content!
To be at once ſecure, and innocent.
Windſor the next (where *Mars* with *Venus* dwells, *Windſor*,
Beauty with ſtrength) above the Valley ſwells

Into my eye, and doth it ſelf preſent
With ſuch an eaſie and unforc't aſcent,
That no ſtupendious precipice denies
Acceſs, no horror turns away our eyes:
But ſuch a Riſe, as doth at once invite
A pleaſure, and a reverence from the ſight.
Thy mighty Maſters Emblem, in whoſe face
Sate meekneſs, heightned with Majeſtick Grace,
Such ſeems thy gentle height, made only proud
To be the baſis of that pompous load,
Than which, a nobler weight no Mountain bears,
But *Atlas* only that ſupports the Sphears.
When Natures hand this ground did thus advance,
'Twas guided by a wiſer power then Chance;
Mark't out for ſuch a uſe, as if 'twere meant
T' invite the builder, and his choice prevent.
Nor can we call it choice, when what we chuſe,
Folly, or blindneſs only could refuſe.

A Crown of ſuch Majeſtick Tow'rs doth grace
The Gods great Mother, when her heavenly race
Do homage to her, yet ſhe cannot boaſt
Amongſt that numerous, and Celeſtial hoſt,
More *Hero's* than can *Windſor*, nor doth Fames
Immortal book record more noble names.
Not to look back ſo far, to whom this Iſle
Owes the firſt Glory of ſo brave a pile,
Whether to *Cæſar*, *Albanact*, or *Brute*,
The Britiſh *Arthur*, or the Daniſh *Knute*,
(Though this of old no leſs conteſt did move,
Then when for *Homers* birth ſeven Cities ſtrove)
(Like him in birth, thou ſhould'ſt be like in fame,
As thine his fate, if mine had been his Flame)
But whoſoe're it was, Nature deſign'd
Firſt a brave place, and then as brave a mind.
Not to recount thoſe ſeveral Kings, to whom
It gave a Cradle, or to whom a Tomb,

But thee (great *Edward*) and thy greater ſon, *Edward* the third, and the *Black Prince.*

(The Lillies which his Father wore, he won)

And thy *Bellona*, who the Conſort came Queen *Philip.*

Not only to thy Bed, but to thy Fame,

She to thy Triumph led one Captive King, The Kings of *France* and *Scotland.*

And brought that ſon, which did the ſecond bring.

Then didſt thou found that Order (whether love

Or victory thy Royal thoughts did move)

Each was a noble cauſe, and nothing leſs

Than the deſign, has been the great ſucceſs:

Which foreign Kings, and Emperours eſteem

The ſecond honour to their Diadem.

Had thy great Deſtiny but giv'n thee skill,

To know as well, as power to act her will,

That

That from thoſe Kings, who then thy Captives were,
In after-times ſhould ſpring a Royal pair
Who ſhould poſſeſs all that thy mighty power,
Or thy deſires more mighty, did devour;
To whom their better Fate reſerves what e're
The Victor hopes for, or the Vanquiſht fear;
That bloud, which thou and thy great Grandſire ſhed,
And all that ſince theſe ſiſter Nations bled,
Had been unſpilt, had happy *Edward* known
That all the bloud he ſpilt, had been his own.
When he that Patron choſe, in whom are joyn'd
Souldier and Martyr, and his arm's confin'd
Within the Azure Circle, he did ſeem
But to foretell, and propheſie of him,
Who to his Realms that Azure round joyn'd,
Which Nature for their bound at firſt deſign'd.
That bound, which to the Worlds extreameſt ends,
Endleſs it ſelf, it's liquid arms extends;

Nor doth he need thoſe Emblems which we paint,
But is himſelf the Souldier and the Saint.
Here ſhould my wonder dwell, & here my praiſe,
But my fixt thoughts my wandring eye betrays,
Viewing a neighbouring hill, whoſe top of late
A Chappel crown'd, till in the Common Fate,
The adjoyning Abby fell: (may no ſuch ſtorm
Fall on our times, where ruine muſt reform.)
Tell me (my Muſe) what monſtrous dire offence,
What crime could any Chriſtian King incenſe
To ſuch a rage? was't Luxury, or Luſt?
Was he ſo temperate, ſo chaſt, ſo juſt?
Were theſe their crimes? they were his own much (more;
But wealth is Crime enough to him that's poor,
Who having ſpent the Treaſures of his Crown,
Condemns their Luxury to feed his own.
And yet this Act, to varniſh o're the ſhame
Of ſacriledge, muſt bear devotions name.

No

No crime ſo bold, but would be underſtood
A real, or at leaſt a ſeeming good.
Who fears not to do ill, yet fears the Name,
And free from Conſcience, is a ſlave to Fame.
Thus he the Church at once protects, and ſpoils;
But Princes ſwords are ſharper than their ſtiles.
And thus to th' ages paſt he makes amends,
Their Charity deſtroys, their Faith defends.
Then did Religion in a lazy Cell,
In empty, airy contemplations dwell;
And like the block, unmoved lay: but ours,
As much too active, like the ſtork devours.
Is there no temperate Region can be known,
Betwixt their Frigid, and our Torrid Zone?
Could we not wake from that Lethargick dream,
But to be reſtleſs in a worſe extream?
And for that Lethargy was there no cure,
But to be caſt into a Calenture?

Can

Can knowledge have no bound, but muſt advance
So far, to make us wiſh for ignorance?
And rather in the dark to grope our way,
Than led by a falſe guide to erre by day?
Who ſees theſe diſmal heaps, but would demand
What barbarous Invader ſackt the land?
But when he hears, no Goth, no Turk did bring
This deſolation, but a Chriſtian King;
When nothing, but the Name of Zeal, appears
'Twixt our beſt actions and the worſt of theirs,
What does he think our Sacriledge would ſpare,
When ſuch th' effects of our devotions are?
Parting from thence 'twixt anger, ſhame and fear,
Thoſe for what's paſt, & this for what's too near:
My eye deſcending from the Hill, ſurveys
Where *Thames* amongſt the wanton vallies ſtrays.
Thames, the moſt lov'd of all the Oceans ſons,
By his old Sire to his embraces runs,
Haſting

Haſting to pay his tribute to the Sea,
Like mortal life to meet Eternity.
Though with thoſe ſtreams he no reſemblance hold,
Whoſe foam is Amber, and their Gravel Gold;
His genuine, and leſs guilty wealth t' explore,
Search not his bottom, but ſurvey his ſhore;
O're which he kindly ſpreads his ſpacious wing,
And hatches plenty for th' enſuing Spring.
Nor then deſtroys it with too fond a ſtay,
Like Mothers which their Infants overlay.
Nor with a ſudden and impetuous wave,
Like profuſe Kings, reſumes the wealth he gave.
No unexpected inundations ſpoyl
The mowers hopes, nor mock the plowmans toyl:
But Godlike his unwearied Bounty flows;
Firſt loves to do, then loves the Good he does.
Nor are his Bleſſings to his banks confin'd,
But free, and common, as the Sea or Wind;
When

When he to boaſt, or to diſperſe his ſtores
Full of the tributes of his grateful ſhores,
Viſits the world, and in his flying towers
Brings home to us, and makes both *Indies* ours;
Finds wealth where 'tis, beſtows it where it wants
Cities in deſerts, woods in Cities plants.
So that to us no thing, no place is ſtrange,
While his fair boſom is the worlds exchange.
O could I flow like thee, and make thy ſtream
My great example, as it is my theme!
Though deep, yet clear, though gentle, yet not dull,
Strong without rage, without o're-flowing full.
Heaven her *Eridanus* no more ſhall boaſt,
Whoſe Fame in thine, like leſſer Currents loſt,
Thy Nobler ſtreams ſhall viſit *Jove*'s abodes,
To ſhine amongſt the Stars, and bath the Gods,
Here Nature, whether more intent to pleaſe
Us or her ſelf, with ſtrange varieties,

For

(For things of wonder give no leſs delight
To the wiſe Maker's, than beholders ſight.
Though theſe delights from ſeveral cauſes move;
For ſo our children, thus our friends we love)
Wiſely ſhe knew, the harmony of things,
As well as that of ſounds, from diſcords ſprings.
Such was the diſcord, which did firſt diſperſe
Form, order, beauty through the Univerſe;
While drineſs moyſture, coldneſs heat reſiſts,
All that we have, and that we are, ſubſiſts.
While the ſteep horrid roughneſs of the Wood
Strives with the gentle calmneſs of the flood.
Such huge extreams when Nature doth unite,
Wonder from thence reſults, from thence delight.
The ſtream is ſo tranſparent, pure, and clear,
Narciſſus.
That had the ſelf-enamour'd youth gaz'd here,
So fatally deceiv'd he had not been,
While he the bottom, not his face had ſeen.

But

But his proud head the aery Mountain hides
Among the Clouds; his ſhoulders, and his ſides
A ſhady mantle cloaths; his curled brows
Frown on the gentle ſtream, which calmly flows,
While winds and ſtorms his lofty forehead beat:
The common fate of all that's high or great.
Low at his foot a ſpacious plain is plac't,
Between the mountain and the ſtream embrac't:
Which ſhade and ſhelter from the Hill derives,
While the kind river wealth and beauty gives;
And in the mixture of all theſe appears
Variety, which all the reſt indears.
This ſcene had ſome bold Greek, or Britiſh Bard
Beheld of old, what ſtories had we heard,
Of Fairies, Satyrs, and the Nymphs their Dames,
Their feaſts, their revels, & their amorous flames?
'Tis ſtill the ſame, although their aery ſhape
All but a quick Poetick ſight eſcape.

There *Faunus* and *Sylvanus* keep their Courts,
And thither all the horned hoſt reſorts
To graze the ranker mead, that noble heard
On whoſe ſublime and ſhady fronts is rear'd
Natures great maſter-piece; to ſhew how ſoon
Great things are made, but ſooner are undone.
Here have I ſeen the King, when great affairs
Gave leave to ſlacken, and unbend his cares,
Attended to the Chaſe by all the flower
Of youth, whoſe hopes a Nobler prey devour:
Pleaſure with Praiſe, & danger they would buy,
And wiſh a foe that would not only flye.
The ſtag now conſcious of his fatal Growth,
At once indulgent to his fear and ſloth,
To ſome dark covert his retreat had made,
Where nor mans eye, nor heavens ſhould invade
His ſoft repoſe; when th' unexpected ſound
Of dogs, and men, his wakeful ear doth wound:

Rouz'd

Rouz'd with the noiſe, he ſcarce believes his ear,
Willing to think th' illuſions of his fear
Had given this falſe Alarm, but ſtraight his view
Confirms, that more than all he fears is true.
Betray'd in all his ſtrengths, the wood beſet,
All inſtruments, all Arts of ruine met;
He calls to mind his ſtrength, and then his ſpeed,
His winged heels, and then his armed head;
With theſe t' avoid, with that his Fate to meet:
But fear prevails, and bids him truſt his feet.
So faſt he flies, that his reviewing eye
Has loſt the chaſers, and his ear the cry;
Exulting, till he finds, their Nobler ſenſe
Their diſproportion'd ſpeed does recompenſe.
Then curſes his conſpiring feet, whoſe ſcent
Betrays that ſafety which their ſwiftneſs lent.
Then tries his friends, among the baſer herd,
Where he ſo lately was obey'd, and fear'd,

His

His ſafety ſeeks: the herd, unkindly wiſe,
Or chaſes him from thence, or from him flies.
Like a declining Stateſ-man, left forlorn
To his friends pity, and purſuers ſcorn,
With ſhame remembers, while himſelf was one
Of the ſame herd, himſelf the ſame had done.
Thence to the coverts, and the conſcious Groves,
The ſcenes of his paſt triumphs, and his loves;
Sadly ſurveying where he rang'd alone
Prince of the ſoyl, and all the herd his own;
And like a bold Knight Errant did proclaim
Combat to all, and bore away the Dame;
And taught the woods to eccho to the ſtream
His dreadful challenge, and his claſhing beam.
Yet faintly now declines the fatal ſtrife;
So much his love was dearer than his life.
Now every leaf, and every moving breath
Preſents a foe, and every foe a death.

Wearied, forſaken, and purſu'd, at laſt
All ſafety in deſpair of ſafety plac'd,
Courage he thence reſumes, reſolv'd to bear
All their aſſaults, ſince 'tis in vain to fear.
And now too late he wiſhes for the fight
That ſtrength he waſted in ignoble flight:
But when he ſees the eager chaſe renew'd,
Himſelf by dogs, the dogs by men purſu'd:
He ſtraight revokes his bold reſolve, and more
Repents his courage, than his fear before;
Finds that uncertain ways unſafeſt are,
And Doubt a greater miſchief than Deſpair.
Then to the ſtream, when neither friends, nor force,
Nor ſpeed, nor Art avail, he ſhapes his courſe;
Thinks not their rage ſo deſperate t' aſſay
An Element more mercileſs than they.

But fearleſs they purſue, nor can the floud
Quench their dire thirſt; alas, they thirſt for
bloud.
So towards a Ship the oarefin'd Gallies ply,
Which wanting Sea to ride, or wind to fly,
Stands but to fall reveng'd on thoſe that dare
Tempt the laſt fury of extream deſpair.
So fares the Stag among the enraged Hounds,
Repels their force, and wounds returns for
wounds.
And as a Hero, whom his baſer foes
In troops ſurround, now theſe aſſails, now thoſe,
Though prodigal of life, diſdains to die
By common hands; but if he can deſcry
Some nobler foes approach, to him he calls,
And begs his Fate, and then contented falls.
So when the King a mortal ſhaft lets flye
From his unerring hand, then glad to dye,

Proud of the wound, to it reſigns his blood,
And ſtains the Cryſtal with a Purple flood.
This a more Innocent, and hapyy chaſe,
Than when of old, but in the ſelf-ſame place,
Fair liberty purſu'd, and meant a Prey
To lawleſs power, here turn'd, and ſtood at bay.

Runny Mead where that great Charter was firſt ſealed.

When in that remedy all hope was plac't
Which was, or ſhould have been at leaſt, the laſt.
Here was that Charter ſeal'd, wherein the Crown
All marks of Arbitrary power lays down:

Magna Charta.

Tyrant and ſlave, thoſe names of hate and fear,
The happier ſtile of King and Subject bear:
Happy, when both to the ſame Center move,
When Kings give liberty, and Subjects love.
Therefore not long in force this Charter ſtood;
Wanting that ſeal, it muſt be ſeal'd in blood.

The

The Subjects arm'd, the more their Princes gave,
Th' advantage only took the more to crave:
Till Kings by giving, give themſelves away,
And even that power, that ſhould deny, betray.
"Who gives conſtrain'd, but his own fear reviles
"Not thank't, but ſcorn'd; nor are they gifts, but ſpoils.
Thus Kings, by graſping more than they could hold,
Firſt made their Subjects by oppreſſion bold:
And popular ſway, by forcing Kings to give
More than was fit for Subjects to receive,
Ran to the ſame extreams; and one exceſs
Made both, by ſtriving to be greater, leſs.
When a calm River rais'd with ſudden rains,
Or Snows diſſolv'd, o'reflows th' adjoyning Plains,
The Husbandmen with high-rais'd banks ſecure
Their greedy hopes, and this he can endure.

But if with Bays and Dams they ſtrive to force
His channel to a new, or narrow courſe;
No longer then within his banks he dwells,
Firſt to a Torrent, then a Deluge ſwells:
Stronger and fiercer by reſtraint he roars,
And knows no bound, but makes his power his
ſhores.

FINIS.

THE DESTRUCTION OF TROY, AN ESSAY UPON THE SECOND BOOK OF *VIRGILS ÆNEIS.*

Written in the Year 1636.

LONDON,

Printed by *J. M.* for *H. Herringman*, at the Sign of the Blue Anchor in the Lower Walk of the New Exchange, 1671.

THE PREFACE.

THere are ſo few Tranſlations which deſerve praiſe, that I ſcarce ever ſaw any which deſerv'd pardon; thoſe who travel in that kind, being for the moſt part ſo unhappy, as to rob others, without enriching themſelves, pulling down the fame of good Authors, without raiſing their own: Neither hath any Author been more hardly dealt with-all than this our Maſter; and the reaſon is evident, for, what is moſt excellent, is moſt inimitable; and if even the worſt

Au-

Authors are yet made worſe by their Tranſlators, how impoſſible is it not to do great injury to the beſt? And therefore I have not the vanity to think my Copy equal to the Original, nor (conſequently) my ſelf altogether guiltleſs of what I accuſe others; but if *I* can do *Virgil* leſs injury than others have done, it will be, in ſome degree to do him right; and indeed, the hope of doing him more right, is the only ſcope of this Eſſay, by opening this new way of Tranſlating this Author, to thoſe whom youth, leiſure, and better fortune makes fitter for ſuch undertakings.

I conceive it a vulgar error in Tranſlating Poets, to affect being *Fidus Interpres*; let that care be with them who deal in matters of Fact, or matters of Faith: but whoſoever aims at it in Poetry, as he attempts what is not required, ſo he ſhall never perform what he attempts; for it is not his buſineſs alone to tranſlate Language into language, but Poeſie into Poeſie; & Poeſie

eſie is of ſo ſubtile a ſpirit, that in pouring out of one Language into another, it will all evaporate; and if a new ſpirit be not added in the Transfuſion, there will remain nothing but a *Caput mortuum*, there being certain Graces and Happineſſes peculiar to every Language, which gives life and energy to the words; and whoſoever offers at Verbal Tranſlation, ſhall have the misfortune of that young Traveller, who loſt his own language abroad, and brought home no other inſtead of it: for the grace of the Latine will be loſt by being turned into Engliſh words; and the grace of the Engliſh, by being turned into the Latine Phraſe. And as ſpeech is the apparel of our thoughts, ſo are there certain Garbs and Modes of ſpeaking, which vary with the times; the faſhion of our clothes being not more ſubject to alteration, than that of our ſpeech: and this I think *Tacitus* means, by that which he calls *Sermonem temporis iſtius auribus accommodatum*; the delight of change being as due to the curioſity

curiosity of the ear, as of the eye; and therefore if *Virgil* must needs speak English, it were fit he should speak not only as a man of this Nation, but as a man of this Age; and if this Disguise *I* have put upon him (I wish *I* could give it a better name) fit not naturally and easily on so Grave a Person, yet it may become him better than that Fools-Coat, wherein the French and Italian have of late presented him; at least, *I* hope, it will not make him appear deformed, by making any part enormously bigger or less than the life, (I having made it my principal care to follow him, as he made it his to follow Nature in all his proportions) Neither have I any where offered such violence to his sense, as to make it seem mine, and not his. Where my expressions are not so full as his, either our Language, or my Art were defective (but I rather suspect my self;) but where mine are fuller than his, they are but the impressions which the often reading of him, hath left upon my thoughts;

thoughts; ſo that if they are not his own Conceptions, they are at leaſt the reſults of them; and if (being conſcious of making him ſpeak worſe than he did almoſt in every line) I erre in endeavouring ſometimes to make him ſpeak better; I hope it will be judged an error on the right hand, and ſuch an one as may deſerve pardon, if not imitation.

ARGU-

Argument.

THE *first Book ſpeaking of* Æneas *his voyage by Sea, and how being caſt by tempeſt upon the coaſt of* Carthage, *he was received by Queen* Dido, *who after the Feaſt, deſires him to make the relation of the Deſtruction of* Troy, *which is the Argument of this Book.*

THE

THE DESTRUCTION OF TROY,

An Eſſay on the SECOND BOOK of *Virgil*'s *Æneis*.

WHile all with ſilence and attention wait,
Thus ſpeaks *Æneas* from the bed of State;
Madam, when you command us to review
Our Fate, you make our old wounds bleed anew,
And all thoſe ſorrows to my ſenſe reſtore,
Whereof none ſaw ſo much, none ſuffer'd more:
Not

Not the moſt cruel of Our conqu'ring Foes
So unconcern'dly can relate our woes,
As not to lend a tear; Then how can I
Repreſs the horror of my thoughts, which flye
The ſad remembrance? Now th' expiring night
And the declining Stars to reſt invite;
Yet ſince 'tis your command, what you, ſo well
Are pleas'd to hear, I cannot grieve to tell.
By Fate repell'd, and with repulſes tyr'd,
The *Greeks*, ſo many Lives and years expir'd,
A Fabrick like a moving Mountain frame,
Pretending vows for their return; this, Fame
Divulges, then within the beaſts vaſt womb
The choice and flower of all their Troops en-
(tomb,
In view the Iſle of *Tenedos*, once high
In fame and wealth while *Troy* remain'd, doth lie,
(Now but an unſecure and open Bay)
(vey:
Thither by ſtealth the *Greeks* their Fleet con-

We

We gave them gone, and to *Mycenæ* ſail'd,
And *Troy* reviv'd, her mourning face unvail'd;
All through th' unguarded Gates with joy reſort
To ſee the ſlighted Camp, the vacant Port;
Here lay *Ulyſſes*, there *Achilles*, here (there;
The Battels joyn'd, the *Grecian* Fleet rode
But the vaſt Pile th' amazed vulgar views
Till they their Reaſon in their wonder loſe;
And firſt *Tymætes* moves, (urg'd by the Power
Of Fate, or Fraud) to place it in the Tower,
But *Capis* and the graver ſort thought fit,
The *Greeks* ſuſpected Preſent to commit
To Seas or flames, at leaſt to ſearch and bore
The ſides, & what that ſpace contains t' explore;
Th' uncertain Multitude with both engag'd,
Divided ſtands, till from the Tower, enrag'd
Laocoon ran, whom all the crowd attends,
Crying, what deſperate Frenzy's this? (oh friends)

To think them gone? Judge rather their retreat
But a deſign, their gifts but a deceit,
For our Deſtruction 'twas contriv'd no doubt,
Or from within by fraud, or from without
By force; yet know ye not *Ulyſſes* ſhifts?
Their ſwords leſs danger carry than their gifts.
(This ſaid) againſt the Horſes ſide, his ſpear
He throws, which trembles with incloſed fear,
Whilſt from the hollows of his womb proceed
Groans, not his own; And had not Fate decreed
Our Ruine, We had fill'd with *Grecian* blood
The Place, Then *Troy* and *Priam*'s Throne had ſtood;
Mean while a fetter'd pris'ner to the King
With joyful ſhouts the *Dardan* Shepherds bring,
Who to betray us did himſelf betray,
At once the Taker, and at once the Prey,
Firmly prepar'd, of one event ſecur'd,
Or of his Death or his Deſign aſſur'd.

The *Trojan* Youth about the Captive flock,
To wonder, or to pity, or to mock.
Now hear the *Grecian* fraud, and from this one
Conjecture all the reſt.
Diſarm'd, diſorder'd, caſting round his eyes
On all the Troops that guarded him, he cries,
What Land, what Sea, for me what Fate attends?
Caught by my Foes, condemned by my Friends,
Incenſed *Troy* a wretched Captive ſeeks
To ſacrifice, a Fugitive, the Greeks;
To Pity, This Complaint our former Rage
Converts, we now enquire his Parentage,
What of their Councils, or affairs he knew,
Then fearleſs, he replies, Great King to you
All truth I ſhall relate: Nor firſt can I
My ſelf to be of *Grecian* birth deny,
And though my outward ſtate, misfortune hath
Depreſt thus low, it cannot reach my Faith.

You may by chance have heard the famous name

Of *Palimede*, who from old *Belus* came,

Whom, but for voting Peace, the *Greeks* purſue,

Accus'd unjuſtly, then unjuſtly ſlew,

Yet mourn'd his death. My Father was his friend,

And me to his commands did recommend,

While Laws and Councils did his Throne ſupport,

I but a youth, yet ſome Eſteem and Port

We then did bear, till by *Ulyſſes* craft

(Things known I ſpeak) he was of life bereft:

Since in dark ſorrow I my days did ſpend,

Till now diſdaining his unworthy end

I could not ſilence my Complaints, but vow'd

Revenge, if ever fate or chance allow'd

My wiſht return to *Greece*; from hence his hate,

From thence my crimes, and all my ills bear date:

Old guilt fresh malice gives; the peoples ears
He fills with rumours, and their hearts with fears,
And then the Prophet to his party drew.
But why do I these thankless truths pursue;
Or why defer your Rage? on me, for all
The *Greeks*, let your revenging fury fall.
Vlysses this, th' *Atridæ* this desire
At any rate. We straight are set on fire
(Unpractis'd in such Mysteries) to enquire
The manner and the cause, Which thus he told
With gestures humble, as his Tale was bold.
Oft have the *Greeks* (the siege detesting) tyr'd
With tedious war, a stoln retreat desir'd,
And would to Heaven they had gone: But still dismay'd
By Seas or Skies, unwillingly they stay'd,
Chiefly when this stupendious Pile was rais'd
Strange noises fill'd the Air, we all amaz'd

Diſpatch *Eurypilus* to enquire our Fates,
Who thus the ſentence of the Gods relates;
A Virgins ſlaughter did the ſtorm appeaſe
When firſt towards *Troy* the *Grecians* took the Seas,
Their ſafe retreat another *Grecians* blood
Muſt purchaſe; All, at this confounded ſtood:
Each thinks himſelf the Man, the fear on all
Of what, the miſchief, but on one can fall:
Then *Calchas* (by *Ulyſſes* firſt inſpir'd)
Was urg'd to name whom th' angry Gods requir'd,
Yet was I warn'd (for many were as well
Inſpir'd as he) and did my fate foretel.
Ten days the Prophet in ſuſpence remain'd,
Would no mans fate pronounce; at laſt conſtrain'd
By *Ithacus*, he ſolemnly deſign'd
Me for the Sacrifice; the people joyn'd

In

In glad conſent, and all their common fear
Determine in my fate, the day drew near;
The ſacred Rites prepar'd, my temples crown'd
With holy wreaths; Then I confeſs I found
The means to my eſcape, my bonds I brake,
Fled from my Guards, and in a muddy Lake
Amongſt the Sedges all the night lay hid,
Till they their Sails had hoiſt (if ſo they did)
And now alas no hope remains for me
My home, my father and my ſons to ſee,
Whom, they enrag'd, will kill for my Offence,
And puniſh for my guilt their Innocence.
Thoſe Gods who know the Truths I now relate,
That faith which yet remains inviolate
By mortal men; By theſe I beg, redreſs
My cauſleſs wrongs, and pity ſuch diſtreſs.
And now true Pity in exchange he finds
For his falſe tears, his tongue, his hands unbinds.

Then ſpake the King, be Ours who e're thou art,
Forget the *Greeks*. But firſt the truth impart,
Why did they raiſe, or to what uſe intend
This pile? to a Warlike, or Religious end?
Skilful in fraud, (his native Art) his hands
Toward Heaven he rais'd, deliver'd now from
bands.
Ye pure Æthereal flames, ye Powers ador'd
By mortal men, ye Altars, and the ſword
I ſcap'd; ye ſacred Fillets that involv'd
My deſtin'd head, grant I may ſtand abſolv'd
From all their Laws and Rites, renounce all
name
Of faith or love, their ſecret thoughts proclaim;
Only O *Troy*, preſerve thy faith to me,
If what I ſhall relate preſerveth thee.
From *Pallas* favour, all our hopes, and all
Counſels, and Actions took Original,

Till

Till *Diomed* (for ſuch attempts made fit
By dire conjunction with *Ulyſſes* wit)
Aſſails the ſacred Tower, the Guards they ſlay,
Defile with bloudy hands, and thence convey
The fatal Image; ſtraight with our ſucceſs
Our hopes fell back, whilſt prodigies expreſs
Her juſt diſdain, her flaming eyes did throw
Flaſhes of Lightning, from each part did flow
A briny ſweat, thrice brandiſhing her ſpear,
Her Statue from the ground it ſelf did rear;
Then, that we ſhould our Sacrilege reſtore
And reconveigh their Gods from *Argos* ſhore,
Chalcas perſwades, till then we urge in vain
The fate of *Troy*. To meaſure back the Main
They all conſent, but to return agen,
When re-inforc'd with aids of Gods and men.
Thus *Chalcas*, then inſtead of that, this Pile
To *Pallas* was deſign'd; to reconcile

Th'

Th' offended Power, and expiate our guilt,
To this vaſt height and monſtrous ſtature built,
Leſt through your gates receiv'd, it might renew
Your vows to her, and her Defence to you.
But if this ſacred gift you diſ-eſteem,
Then cruel Plagues (which heaven divert on them)
Shall faſt on *Priams* State: but if the horſe
Your walls aſcend, aſſiſted by your force,
A League 'gainſt *Greece* all *Aſia* ſhall contract;
Our Sons then ſuffering what their Sires would act.
Thus by his fraud and our own faith o'recome,
A feigned tear deſtroys us, againſt whom
Tydides nor *Achilles* could prevail,
Nor ten years conflict, nor a thouſand Sail.
This ſeconded by a moſt ſad Portent
Which credit to the firſt impoſture lent;

Laocoon,

Laocoon, *Neptunes* Prieſt, upon the day
Devoted to that God, a Bull did ſlay,
When two prodigious ſerpents were deſcride,
Whoſe circling ſtroaks the Seas ſmooth face divide;
Above the deep they raiſe their ſcaly Creſts,
And ſtem the floud with their erected breſts,
Their winding tails advance and ſteer their courſe,
And 'gainſt the ſhore the breaking Billow force.
Now landing, from their brandiſht tongues there came
A dreadful hiſs, and from their eyes a flame:
Amaz'd we flye, directly in a line
Laocoon they purſue, and firſt intwine
(Each preying upon one) his tender ſons,
Then him, who armed to their reſcue runs,

They

They ſeiz'd, and with intangling folds embrac'd
His neck twice compaſſing, and twice his waſt,
Their poys'nous knots he ſtrives to break, and tear,
Whilſt ſlime and blood his ſacred wreaths beſmear,
Then loudly roars, as when th' enraged Bull
From th' Altar flies, and from his wounded skull
Shakes the huge Ax; the conqu'ring ſerpents flye
To cruel *Pallas* Altar, and there lye
Under her feet, within her ſhields extent;
We in our fears conclude this fate was ſent
Juſtly on him, who ſtruck the Sacred Oak
With his accurſed Lance. Then to invoke
The Goddeſs, and let in the fatal horſe
We all conſent:
A ſpacious breach we make, and *Troys* proud wall
Built by the Gods, by our own hands doth fall;

Thus,

Thus, all their help to their own ruine give,
Some draw with cords, and ſome the Monſter
drive
With Rolls and Leavers, thus our works it
climbs,
Big with our fate, the youth with Songs and
Rhimes,
Some dance, ſome hale the Rope; at laſt let
down
It enters with a thundering noiſe the Town.
Oh *Troy* the ſeat of Gods, in war renown'd;
Three times it ſtuck, as oft the claſhing ſound
Of Arms was heard, yet blinded by the Power
Of Fate, we place it in the ſacred Tower.
Caſſandra then foretels th' event, but ſhe
Finds no belief (ſuch was the Gods decree.)
The Altars with freſh flowers we crown, and waſt
In Feaſts that day, which was (alas) our laſt.

Now

Now by the revolution of the Skies,
Nights ſable ſhadows from the Ocean riſe,
Which Heaven and Earth, and the *Greek* frauds involv'd,
The City in ſecure repoſe diſſolv'd,
When from the Admirals high Poop appears
A light, by which the *Argive* Squadron ſteers
Their ſilent courſe to *Iliums* well known Shore,
When *Synon* (ſav'd by the Gods partial power)
Opens the horſe, and through the unlockt doors
To the free Air the armed fraight reſtores:
Ulyſſes, *Stenelus*, *Tyſander* ſlide
Down by a Rope, *Machaon* was their guide;
Atrides, *Pyrrhus*, *Thoas*, *Athamas*,
And *Epeus* who the frauds contriver was,
The Gates they ſeize, the Guards with ſleep and wine
Oppreſt, ſurprize, and then their forces joyn.
'Twas then, when the firſt ſweets of ſleep repair
Our bodies ſpent with toil, our minds with care
The

(The Gods beſt gift) When bath'd in tears and blood

Before my face lamenting *Hector* ſtood,

Such his aſpect when ſoyl'd with bloudy duſt

Dragg'd by the cords which through his feet were thruſt

By his inſulting Foe; O how transform'd!

How much unlike that *Hector* who return'd

Clad in *Achilles* ſpoils; when he, among

A thouſand ſhips (like *Jove*) his Lightning flung;

His horrid Beard and knotted Treſſes ſtood

Stiff with his gore, and all his wounds ran blood:

Intranc'd I lay, then (weeping) ſaid, The Joy,

The hope and ſtay of thy declining *Troy*;

What Region held thee, whence, ſo much deſir'd,

Art thou reſtor'd to us conſum'd and tir'd

With toyls and deaths; but what ſad cauſe confounds

Thy once fair looks, or why appear thoſe wounds?

Re-

Regardleſs of my words, he no reply
Returns, but with a dreadful groan doth cry,
Fly from the Flame, O Goddeſs-born, our walls
The *Greeks* poſſeſs, and *Troy* confounded falls
From all her Glories; if it might have ſtood
By any Power, by this right hand it ſhould.
What Man could do, by me for *Troy* was done,
Take here her Reliques and her Gods, to run
With them thy Fate, with them new Walls expect,
Which, toſt on Seas, thou ſhalt at laſt erect;
Then brings old *Veſta* from her ſacred Quire,
Her holy Wreaths, and her eternal Fire.
Mean while the Walls with doubtful cries reſound
From far (for ſhady coverts did ſurround
My Fathers houſe) approaching ſtill more near
The claſh of Arms, and voice of men we hear:

Rowz'd

Rowz'd from my Bed, I ſpeedily aſcend
The houſes tops, and liſtning there attend,
As flames rowl'd by the winds conſpiring force,
O're full-ear'd Corn, or Torrents raging courſe,
Bears down th' oppoſing Oaks, the fields de-
ſtroys
And mocks the Plough-mans toil, th' unlookt for
noiſe
From neighb'ring hills, th' amazed Shepherd
hears;
Such my ſurpriſe, and ſuch their rage appears.
Firſt fell thy houſe *Ucalegon*, then thine
Deiphobus, *Sigæan* Seas did ſhine
Bright with *Troys* flames, the Trumpets dreadful
ſound,
The louder groans of dying men confound.
Give me my arms, I cry'd, reſolv'd to throw
My ſelf 'mongſt any that oppos'd the Foe:

Rage, anger, and deſpair at once ſuggeſt
That of all Deaths, to die in Arms was beſt.
The firſt I met was *Panthus*, *Phœbus* Prieſt,
Who ſcaping with his Gods and Reliques fled,
And towards the ſhore his little Grandchild led;
Panthus, what hope remains? what force? what place
Made good? but ſighing, he replies (alas)
Trojans we were, and mighty *Ilium* was;
But the laſt period and the fatal hour
Of *Troy* is come: Our Glory and our Power
Incenſed *Jove* transfers to Grecian hands,
The Foe within, the burning Town commands;
And (like a ſmother'd fire) an unſeen force
Breaks from the bowels of the fatal horſe:
Inſulting *Synon* flings about the flame,
And thouſands more than e're from *Argos* came
Poſſeſs the Gates, the Paſſes and the Streets,

And

And theſe the ſword o'retakes, and thoſe it meets,
The Guard nor fights nor flies; Their fate ſo near
At once ſuſpends their Courage and their Fear.
Thus by the Gods, and by *Atrides* words
Inſpir'd, I make my way through fire, through ſwords,
Where Noiſes, Tumults, Out-cries and Alarms
I heard, firſt *Iphitus* renown'd for Arms
We meet, who knew us (for the Moon did ſhine)
Then *Ripheus*, *Hippanis* and *Dymas* joyn
Their force, and young *Choræbus Mygdons* ſon,
Who, by the Love of fair *Caſſandra*, won,
Arriv'd but lately in her Fathers Aid
Unhappy, whom the Threats could not diſ-ſwade
Of his Prophetick Spouſe;

Whom, when I ſaw, yet daring to maintain
The fight, I ſaid, Brave Spirits (but in vain)
Are you reſolv'd to follow one who dares
Tempt all extreams? The ſtate of Our affairs
You ſee: the Gods have left us, by whoſe aid
Our Empire ſtood; nor can the flame be ſtaid:
Then let us fall amidſt our Foes; this one
Relief the vanquiſht have, to hope for none.
Then re-inforc'd, as in a ſtormy night
Wolves urged by their raging appetite
Forrage for prey, which their neglected young
With greedy jaws expect, ev'n ſo among
Foes, Fire and Swords, t' aſſured death we paſs,
Darkneſs our Guide, Deſpair our Leader was.
Who can relate that Evenings woes and ſpoils,
Or can his tears proportion to our Toils!
The City, which ſo long had flouriſht, falls;
Death triumphs o're the Houſes, Temples, Walls,

Nor

Nor only on the *Trojans* fell this doom,
Their hearts at laſt the vanquiſh'd re-aſſume;
And now the Victors fall, on all ſides, fears,
Groans and pale Death in all her ſhapes appears:
Androgeus firſt with his whole Troop was caſt
Upon us, with civility miſplac't;
Thus greeting us you loſe by your delay,
Your ſhare both of the honour and the prey,
Others the ſpoils of burning *Troy* convey
Back to thoſe Ships, which you but now forſake;
We making no return; his ſad miſtake
Too late he finds: As when an unſeen Snake
A Travellers unwary foot hath preſt,
Who trembling ſtarts, when the Snakes azure Creſt,
Swoln with his riſing Anger, he eſpies,
So from our view ſurpriz'd *Androgeus* flies.

But here an eaſie victory we meet:
Fear binds their hands, and ignorance their feet,
Whilſt Fortune, our firſt Enterprize, did aid,
Encourag'd with ſucceſs, *Chorœbus* ſaid,
O Friends, we now by better Fates are led,
And the fair Path they lead us, let us dread.
Firſt change your Arms, and their diſtinctions bear;
The ſame, in Foes, Deceit and Vertue are.
Then of his Arms, *Androgeus* he diveſts,
His Sword, his Shield he takes, and plumed Creſts,
Then *Ripheus*, *Dymas*, and the reſt, All glad
Of the occaſion, in freſh ſpoils are clad.
Thus mixt, with Greeks, as if their Fortune ſtill
Follow'd their ſwords, we fight, purſue, and kill.
Some re-aſcend the Horſe, and he whoſe ſides
Let forth the valiant, now, the Coward hides.

Some,

Some, to their ſafer Guard their Ships, retire;
But vain's that hope, 'gainſt which the Gods conſpire:
Behold the Royal Virgin, The Divine
Caſſandra, from *Minerva's* fatal ſhrine
Dragg'd by the hair, caſting towards Heaven in vain,
Her Eyes; for Cords her tender hands did ſtrain:
Choræbus at the ſpectacle enrag'd,
Flies in amidſt the foes: we thus engag'd,
To ſecond him, amongſt the thickeſt ran;
Here firſt our ruine from our friends began,
Who from the Temples Battlements a ſhower
Of Darts and Arrows on our heads did powr:
They, us for Greeks, and now the Greeks (who knew
Caſſandra's reſcue) us for *Trojans* ſlew.
Then from all parts *Ulyſſes*, *Ajax*, then,
And then th' *Atridæ* rally all their men;

As winds, that meet from ſeveral Coaſts, conteſt,
Their priſons being broke, the South and Weſt,
And *Eurus* on his winged Courſers born
Triumphing in their ſpeed, the woods are torn,
And chaſing *Nereus* with his *Trident* throws
The billows from their bottom; Then all thoſe
Who in the dark our fury did eſcape,
Returning, know our borrowed Arms and ſhape
And differing dialect: Then their numbers ſwell
And grow upon us; firſt *Choræbus* fell
Before *Minerva*'s Altar, next did bleed
Juſt *Ripheus*, whom no *Trojan* did exceed
In virtue, yet the Gods his fate decreed.
Then *Hippanis* and *Dymas* wounded by
Their Friends; nor thee *Panthus* thy Piety,
Nor conſecrated Mitre, from the ſame
Ill fate could ſave; My Countries funeral flame

And *Troys* cold aſhes I atteſt, and call
To witneſs for my ſelf, That in their fall
No Foes, no Death, nor Danger I declin'd,
Did, and deſerv'd no leſs, my Fate to find.
Now *Iphitus* with me, and *Pelias*
Slowly retire, the one retarded was
By feeble Age, the other by a wound,
To Court the Cry directs us, where We found
Th' Aſſault ſo hot, as if 'twere only there,
And all the reſt ſecure from foes or fear:
The Greeks the Gates approach'd, their Targets caſt,
Over their heads ſome ſcaling ladders plac't
Againſt the walls, the reſt the ſteps aſcend,
And with their ſhields on their left Arms defend
Arrows and darts, and with their right hold faſt
The Battlement; on them the *Trojans* caſt
Stones,

Stones, Rafters, Pillars, Beams, ſuch Arms as
theſe,
Now hopeleſs, for their laſt defence they ſeize.
The gilded Roofs, the marks of ancient ſtate
They tumble down, and now againſt the Gate
Of th' Inner Court their growing force they
bring,
Now was our laſt effort to ſave the King,
Relieve the fainting, and ſucceed the dead.
A Private Gallery 'twixt th' appartments led,
Not to the Foe yet known, or not obſerv'd,
(The way for *Hectors* hapleſs Wife reſerv'd,
When to the aged King, her little ſon
She would preſent) Through this we paſs & run
Up to the higheſt Battlement, from whence
The *Trojans* threw their darts without offence.
A Tower ſo high, it ſeem'd to reach the sky,
Stood on the Roof, from whence we could de-
ſcry

All

All *Ilium*---- both the Camps, the Grecian Fleet;
This, where the Beams upon the Columns meet,
We looſen, which like Thunder from the Cloud
Breaks on their heads, as ſudden and as loud.
But others ſtill ſucceed: mean time, nor ſtones
Nor any kind of weapons ceaſe.
Before the Gate in gilded Armour, ſhone
Young *Pyrrhus*, like a Snake his skin new grown,
Who fed on poys'nous herbs, all winter lay
Under the ground, and now reviews the day
Freſh in his new apparel, proud and young,
Rowls up his Back, and brandiſhes his tongue,
And lifts his ſcaly breaſt againſt the Sun;
With him his Fathers Squire, *Antomedon*
And *Periphas* who drove his winged ſteeds,
Enter the Court; whom all the youth ſucceeds
Of *Scyros* Ille, who flaming firebrands flung
Up to the roof, *Pyrrhus* himſelf among

The foremoſt with an Axe an entrance hews
Through beams of ſolid Oak, then freely views
The Chambers, Galleries, and Rooms of State,
Where *Priam* and the ancient Monarchs ſate.
At the firſt Gate an Armed Guard appears;
But th' Inner Court with horror, noiſe and tears
Confus'dly fill'd, the womens ſhrieks and cries
The Arched Vaults re-eccho to the skies;
Sad Matrons wandring through the ſpacious Rooms
Embrace and kiſs the Poſts: Then *Pyrrhus* comes
Full of his Father, neither Men nor Walls
His force ſuſtain, the torn Port-cullis falls,
Then from the hinge, their ſtrokes the Gates divorce,
And where the way they cannot find, they force:
Not with ſuch rage a Swelling Torrent flows

Above his banks, th' oppoſing Dams o'rethrows,
Depopulates the Fields, the Cattel, Shee p,
Shepherds, and folds the foaming Surges ſweep.
And now between two ſad extreams I ſtood,
Here *Pyrrhus* and the *Atridæ* drunk with blood,
There th' hapleſs Queen amongſt an hundred Dames,
And *Priam* quenching from the wounds thoſe flames
Which his own hands had on his Altar laid:
Then they the ſecret Cabinets invade,
Where ſtood the Fifty Nuptial Beds, the hopes
Of that great Race, the Golden Poſts whoſe tops
Old hoſtile ſpoils adorn'd, demoliſht lay,
Or to the Foe, or to the fire a Prey.
Now *Priams* fate perhaps you may enquire,
Seeing his Empire loſt, his *Troy* on fire,
And his own Palace by the Greeks poſſeſt,
Arms long diſus'd, his trembling limbs inveſt;

Thus

Thus on his foes he throws himself alone,
Not for their Fate, but to provoke his own:
There stood an Altar open to the view
Of Heaven, near which an aged Laurel grew,
Whose shady arms the houshold Gods embrac'd
Before whose feet the Queen her self had cast,
With all her daughters, and the Trojan wives,
As Doves whom an approaching tempest drives
And frights into one flock; But having spy'd
Old *Priam* clad in youthful Arms, she cry'd,
Alas my wretched Husband, what pretence
To bear those Arms, and in them what defence?
Such aid such times require not, when again
If *Hector* were alive, he liv'd in vain;
Or here We shall a Sanctuary find,
Or as in life, we shall in death be joyn'd.
Then weeping, with kind force held & embrac'
And on the sacred seat the King she plac'd;

Mean while *Polites* one of *Priam*'s ſons
Flying the rage of bloudy *Pyrrhus*, runs
Through foes and ſwords, & ranges all the Court
And empty Galleries, amaz'd and hurt,
Pyrrhus purſues him, now o'retakes, now kills,
And his laſt bloud in *Priams* preſence ſpills.
The King (though him ſo many deaths incloſe)
Nor fear, nor grief, but Indignation ſhows;
The Gods requite thee (if within the care
Of thoſe above th' affairs of mortals are)
Whoſe fury on the ſon but loſt had been,
Had not his Parents Eyes his murder ſeen:
Not That *Achilles* (whom thou feign'ſt to be
Thy Father) ſo inhumane was to me;
He bluſht, when I the rights of Arms implor'd;
To me my *Hector*, me to *Troy* reſtor'd:
This ſaid, his feeble Arm a Javelin flung,
Which on the ſounding ſhield, ſcarce entring,
rung. Then

Then *Pyrrhus*; go a meſſenger to Hell
Of my black deeds, and to my Father tell
The acts of his degenerate Race. So through
His Sons warm bloud, the trembling King he drew
To th' Altar; in his hair one hand he wreaths:
His ſword, the other in his boſom ſheaths.
Thus fell the King, who yet ſurviv'd the State,
With ſuch a ſignal and peculiar Fate.
Under ſo vaſt a ruine not a Grave,
Nor in ſuch flames a funeral fire to have:
He, whom ſuch Titles ſwell'd, ſuch Power made proud
To whom the Scepters of all *Aſia* bow'd,
On the cold earth lies th' unregarded King,
A headleſs Carkaſs, and a nameleſs Thing.

FINIS.

On the Earl of Strafford's *Tryal and Death.*

GReat *Strafford!* worthy of that Name, though all
Of thee could be forgotten, but thy fall,
Cruſht by Imaginary Treaſons weight,
Which too much Merit did accumulate:
As Chymiſts Gold from Braſs by fire would draw,
Pretexts are into Treaſon forg'd by Law.
His Wiſdom ſuch, at once it did appear
Three Kingdoms wonder, and three Kingdoms fear;
Whilſt ſingle he ſtood forth, and ſeem'd, although
Each had an Army, as an equal Foe.

Such was his force of Eloquence, to make
The Hearers more concern'd than he that ſpake;
Each ſeem'd to act that part, he came to ſee,
And none was more a looker on than he;
So did he move our paſſion, ſome were known
To wiſh for the defence, the Crime their own.
Now private pity ſtrove with publick hate,
Reaſon with Rage, and Eloquence with Fate:
Now they could him, if he could them forgive;
He's not too guilty, but too wiſe to live;
Leſs ſeem thoſe Facts which Treaſons Nick-name (bore,
Than ſuch a fear'd ability for more.
They after death their fears of him expreſs,
His Innocence, and their own guilt confeſs.
Their Legiſlative Frenzy they repent;
Enacting it ſhould make no Preſident.
This Fate he could have ſcap'd, but would not (loſe
Honour for Life, but rather nobly choſe
Death

Death from their fears, than ſafety from his own,
That his laſt Action all the reſt might crown.

On my Lord Croft's *and my Journey into* Poland, *from whence we brought* 10000 l. *for his Majeſty, by the Decimation of his Scotiſh Subjects there.*

1. TOle, tole
Gentle Bell, for the ſoul
Of the pure ones in *Pole*,
Which are damned in our Scroul;

2. Who having felt a touch
Of *Cockram's* greedy Clutch,
Which though it was not much,
Yet their ſtubbornneſs was ſuch,

3. That when we did arrive,
'Gainſt the ſtream we did ſtrive;
They would neither lead nor drive:

4. Nor lend
An ear to a Friend,
Nor an anſwer would ſend
To our Letter ſo well penn'd.

5. Nor assist our affairs,
With their Monies nor their Wares,
As their answer now declares,
But only with their Prayers.

6. Thus they did persist,
Did and said what they list,
Till the Diet was dismist;
But then our Breech they kist.

7. For when
It was mov'd there and then
They should pay one in ten,
The Dyet said Amen.

8. And because they are loth
To discover the troth,
They must give Word and Oath,
Though they will forfeit both.

9. Thus the Constitution
Condemns them every one,
From the Father to the Son.

10. But *John*
(Our Friend) *Mollesson*,
Thought us to have out-gone
With a quaint Invention.

11. Like the Prophets of yore,
He complain'd long before,
Of the miſchiefs in ſtore,
I, and thrice as much more.

12. And with that wicked Ly
A Letter they came by,
From our Kings Majeſty.

13. But Fate
Brought the Letter too late,
'Twas of too old a date,
To relieve their damned State.

14. The Letter's to be ſeen,
With ſeal of Wax ſo green,
At *Dantzige*, where t'as been
Turn'd into good Latin.

15. But he that gave the hint,
This Letter for to Print,
Muſt alſo pay his ſtint.

16. That trick,
Had it come in the Nick,
Had touch'd us to the quick,
But the Meſſenger fell ſick.

17. Had it later been wrought,
And ſooner been brought,
They had got what they ſought,
But now it ſerves for nought.

18. On *Sandys* they ran aground, Mr. *W.*
And our return was crown'd
With full ten thouſand pound.

On Mr. *Tho. Killigrew's* Return from his Embaſſie from *Venice*, and Mr. *William Murry's* from *Scotland*.

1.

OUr Reſident *Tom*,
From *Venice* is come,
And hath left the Stateſman behind him;
Talks at the ſame pitch,
Is as wiſe, is as rich,
And juſt where you left him, you find him.

2.

But who ſays he was not
A man of much Plot,

May repent that falſe Accuſation;
Having plotted and penn'd
Six plays to attend
The Farce of his Negotiation.

3.

Before you were told
How *Satan* the old Mr. *W. Murrey.*
Came here with a Beard to his middle;
Though he chang'd face and name,
Old *Will* was the ſame,
At the noiſe of a Can and a Fiddle.

4.

Theſe Stateſmen you believe
Send ſtraight for the Sheriff,
For he is one too, or would be;
But he drinks no Wine,
Which is a ſhrewd ſign
That all's not ſo well as it ſhould be.

5.

These three when they drink,
How little do they think
Of Banishment, Debts, or dying?
Not old with their years,
Nor cold with their fears;
But their angry Stars still defying.

6.

Mirth makes them not mad,
Nor Sobriety sad;
But of that they are seldom in danger:
At *Paris*, at *Rome*,
At the *Hague* they are at home;
The good Fellow is no where a stranger.

To

To Sir John Mennis *being invited from* Calice *to* Bologne *to eat a Pig.*

1.

ALL on a weeping *Monday*,
With a fat *Bulgarian* Sloven,
Little Admiral *John*
To *Bologne* is gone
Whom I think they call old *Loven*.

2.

Hadſt thou not thy fill of Carting
Will. Aubrey Count of *Oxon*!
When Noſe lay in Breech
And Breech made a Speech,
So often cry'd a Pox on?

We three riding in a Cart from *Dunkirk* to *Calice* with a fat Dutch Woman who broke wind all along.

3.

A Knight by Land and Water
Eſteem'd at ſuch a high rate,

When

When 'tis told in *Kent*,
In a Cart that he went,
They'll ſay now hang him Pirate.

4.

Thou might'ſt have ta'ne example,
From what thou read'ſt in ſtory;
Being as worthy to ſit
On an ambling Tit
As thy Predeceſſor *Dory*.

5.

But Oh! the roof of Linen,
Intended for a ſhelter!
But the Rain made an Aſs
Of Tilt of Canvas;
And the Snow which you know is a Melter.

6.

But with thee to inveigle
That tender ſtripling *Aſtcot*,

Who

Who was ſoak'd to the skin,
Through Drugget ſo thin,
Having neither Coat, nor Waſtcoat.

7.

He being proudly mounted,
Clad in Cloak of *Plymouth*,
Defy'd Cart ſo baſe,
For Thief without Grace,
That goes to make a wry mouth.

8.

Nor did he like the Omen,
For fear it might be his doom,
One day for to ſing,
With Gullet in ſtring,
A Hymne of *Robert Wiſdom*.

9.

But what was all this buſineſs?
For ſure it was important:

For who rides i'th' wet;
When affairs are not great,
The neighbours make but a ſport on't.

10.

To a goodly fat Sow's Baby,
O *John*, thou hadſt a malice,
The old driver of Swine
That day ſure was thine,
Or thou hadſt not quitted *Calice*.

Natura Naturata.

WHat gives us that Fantaſtick Fit
That all our Judgment and our Wit
To vulgar cuſtom we ſubmit?

Treaſon, Theft, Murther, and all the reſt
Of that foul Legion we ſo deteſt,
Are in their proper names expreſt.

Why is it then thought ſin or ſhame,
Thoſe neceſſary parts to name,

From

From whence we went, and whence we came?
Nature, what e're she wants, requires;
With Love enflaming our desires,
Finds Engines fit to quench those fires:

Death she abhors; yet when men die,
We are present; but no stander by
Looks on when we that loss supply:

Forbidden Wares sell twice as dear;
Even Sack prohibited last year,
A most abominable rate did bear.

'Tis plain our eyes and ears are nice,
Only to raise by that device,
Of those Commodities the price.

Thus Reason's shadows us betray,
By Tropes and Figures led astray,
From Nature, both her Guide and way.

Sarpedon's *Speech to* Glaucus *in the* 12th *of* Homer.

Thus to *Glaucus* ſpake

DIvine *Sarpedon*, ſince he did not find
Others as great in Place, as great in Mind.
Above the reſt, why is our Pomp, our Power?
Our flocks, our herds, and our poſſeſſions more?
Why all the Tributes Land and Sea affords
Heap'd in great Chargers, load our ſumptuous boards?
Our chearful Gueſts carowſe the ſparkling tears
Of the rich Grape, whilſt Muſick charms their ears.
Why as we paſs, do thoſe on *Xanthus* ſhore,
As Gods behold us, and as Gods adore?
But that as well in danger, as degree,
We ſtand the firſt; that when our *Lycians* ſee
Our

Our brave examples, they admiring ſay,
Behold our Gallant Leaders! Theſe are They
Deſerve the Greatneſs; and un-envied ſtand:
Since what they act, tranſcends what they command.

Could the declining of this Fate (oh friend)
Our Date to Immortality extend?
Or if Death ſought not them, who ſeek not Death,
Would I advance? Or ſhould my vainer breath
With ſuch a Glorious Folly thee inſpire?
But ſince with Fortune Nature doth conſpire,
Since Age, Diſeaſe, or ſome leſs noble End,
Though not leſs certain, doth our days attend;
Since 'tis decreed, and to this period lead,
A thouſand ways the nobleſt path we'll tread;
And bravely on, till they, or we, or all,
A common Sacrifice to honour fall.

Martial.

Martial. Epigram.

Out of an Epigram of Martial.

PRithee die and ſet me free,
Or elſe be
Kind and briſk, and gay like me;
I pretend not to the wiſe ones,
To the grave, to the grave,
Or the preciſe ones.

'Tis not Cheeks, nor Lips nor Eyes,
That I prize,
Quick Conceits, or ſharp Replies,
If wiſe thou wilt appear, and knowing,
Repartie, Repartie,
To what I'm doing.

Prithee

Prithee why the Room so dark?
Not a Spark
Left to light me to the mark;
I love day-light and a candle,
And to see, and to see,
As well as handle.
Why so many Bolts and Locks,
Coats and Smocks,
And those Drawers with a Pox?
I could wish, could Nature make it,
Nakedness, Nakedness
It self were naked.
But if a Mistress I must have,
Wise and grave,
Let her so her self behave
All the day long *Susan* Civil,
Pap by night, pap by night
Or such a Devil.

Friendſhip and ſingle life againſt Love and Marriage.

1. LOve! in what poyſon is thy Dart
Dipt, when it makes a bleeding heart?
None know, but they who feel the ſmart.

2. It is not thou, but we are blind,
And our corporeal eyes (we find)
Dazle the Opticks of our Mind.

3. Love to our Cittadel reſorts,
Through thoſe deceitful Sally-ports,
Our Sentinels betray our Forts.

4. What ſubtle Witchcraft man conſtrains,
To change his Pleaſures into Pains,
And all his freedom into Chains?

5. May not a Priſon, or a Grave
Like Wedlock, Honour's title have?
That word makes Free-born man a Slave.

6. How happy he that loves not, lives!
Him neither Hope nor Fear deceives,
To Fortune who no Hoſtage gives.

7. How unconcern'd in things to come!
If here uneaſie, finds at *Rome*,
At *Paris*, or *Madrid* his Home.

8. Secure from low, and private Ends,
His Life, his Zeal, his Wealth attends
His Prince, his Country, and his Friends.

9. Danger, and Honour are his Joy;
But a fond Wife, or wanton Boy,
May all thoſe Generous Thoughts deſtroy.

10. Then he lays by the publick Care,
Thinks of providing for an Heir;
Learns how to get, and how to ſpare.

11. Nor fire, nor foe, nor fate, nor night,
The Trojan Hero did affright,
Who bravely twice renew'd the fight.

12. Though ſtill his foes in number grew,
Thicker their Darts, and Arrows flew,
Yet left alone, no fear he knew.

13. But Death in all her forms appears,
From every thing he ſees and hears,
For whom he leads, and whom he bears.
His Father and Son.

14. Love making all things elſe his Foes,
Like a fierce Torrent overflows
Whatever doth his courſe oppoſe.

15. This

15. This was the cauſe the Poets ſung,
Thy Mother from the Sea was ſprung;
But they were mad to make thee young.

16. Her Father, not her Son, art thou:
From our deſires our actions grow;
And from the Cauſe the Effect muſt flow.

17. Love is as old as place or time;
'Twas he the fatal Tree did climb,
Grandſire of Father *Adam*'s crime.

18. Well mayſt thou keep this world in awe,
Religion, Wiſdom, Honour, Law,
The Tyrant in his triumph draw.

19. 'Tis he commands the Powers above;
Phœbus reſigns his Darts, and *Jove*
His Thunder to the God of Love.

20. To him doth his feign'd Mother yield,
Nor *Mars* (her Champions) flaming ſhield
Guards him, when *Cupid* takes the Field.

21. He clips hopes wings, whoſe aery bliſs
Much higher than fruition is;
But leſs than nothing, if it miſs.

22. When matches Love alone projects,
The Cauſe tranſcending the Effects,
That wild-fire's quencht in cold neglects.

23. Whilſt thoſe Conjunctions prove the beſt,
Where Love's of blindneſs diſpoſſeſt,
By perſpectives of Intereſt.

24. Though *Solomon* with a thouſand Wives,
To get a wiſe Succeſſor ſtrives,
But one (and he a Fool) ſurvives.

25. Old *Rome* of Children took no care,
They with their Friends their beds did ſhare,
Secure, t' adopt a hopeful Heir.

26. Love drowſie days, and ſtormy nights
Makes, and breaks Friendſhip, whoſe delights
Feed, but not glut our Appetites.

27. Well choſen Friendſhip, the moſt noble
Of Vertues, all our joys makes double,
And into halves divides our trouble.

28. But when the unlucky knot we tye,
Care, Avarice, Fear, and Jealouſie
Make friendſhip languiſh till it dye.

29. The Wolf, the Lyon, and the Bear,
When they their prey in pieces tear,
To quarrel with themſelves forbear.

30. Yet timorous Deer, and harmleſs Sheep
When Love into their veins doth creep,
That law of Nature ceaſe to keep.

31. Who then can blame the Amorous Boy,
Who the fair *Helen* to enjoy,
To quench his own, ſet fire on *Troy*?

32. Such is the worlds prepoſterous fate,
Amongſt all Creatures, mortal hate
Love (though immortal) doth Create.

33. But Love may Beaſts excuſe, for they
Their actions not by Reaſon ſway,
But their brute appetites obey.

34. But Man's that Savage Beaſt, whoſe mind
From Reaſon to ſelf-Love declin'd,
Delights to prey upon his Kind.

ON

Mr. ABRAHAM COWLEY

His Death and Burial amongſt the Ancient Poets.

OLd *Chaucer*, like the morning Star,
To us diſcovers day from far,
His light thoſe Miſts and Clouds diſſolv'd,
Which our dark Nation long involv'd;
But he deſcending to the ſhades,
Darkneſs again the Age invades.
Next (like *Aurora*) *Spencer* roſe,
Whoſe purple bluſh the day foreſhews;
The other three, with his own fires,
Phœbus, the Poets God, inſpires;
By *Shakeſpear*'s, *Johnſon*'s, *Fletcher*'s lines,
Our Stages luſtre *Rome*'s outſhines:

Theſe

Theſe Poets near our Princes ſleep,
And in one Grave their Manſion keep;
They liv'd to ſee ſo many days,
Till time had blaſted all their Bays:
But curſed be the fatal hour
That pluckt the faireſt, ſweeteſt flower
That in the Muſes Garden grew,
And amongſt wither'd Laurels threw.
Time, which made them their Fame outlive,
To *Cowly* ſcarce did ripeneſs give.
Old Mother Wit, and Nature gave
Shakeſpear and *Fletcher* all they have;
In *Spencer*, and in *Johnſon*, Art,
Of ſlower Nature got the ſtart;
But both in him ſo equal are,
None knows which bears the happy'ſt ſhare;
To him no Author was unknown,
Yet what he wrote was all his own;

He

He melted not the ancient Gold,
Nor with *Ben Johnſon* did make bold
To plunder all the *Roman* ſtores
Of Poets, and of Orators:
Horace his wit, and *Virgil*'s ſtate,
He did not ſteal, but emulate,
And when he would like them appear,
Their Garb, but not their Cloaths, did wear:
He not from *Rome* alone, but *Greece*,
Like *Jaſon* brought the Golden Fleece;
To him that Language (though to none
Of th' others) as his own was known.
On a ſtiff gale (as *Flaccus* ſings)
His Pindaricks.
The *Theban* Swan extends his wings,
When through th' ætherial Clouds he flies,
To the ſame pitch our Swan doth riſe;
Old *Pindar*'s flights by him are reacht,
When on that gale his wings are ſtretcht;

His

His fancy and his judgment ſuch,
Each to the other ſeem'd too much,
His ſevere judgment (giving Law)
His modeſt fancy kept in awe:
As rigid Husbands jealous are,
When they believe their Wives too fair.
His Engliſh ſtreams ſo pure did flow,
As all that ſaw, and taſted, know.
But for his Latin vein, ſo clear,
Strong, full, and high it doth appear, His laſt work.
That were immortal *Virgil* here,
Him, for his judge, he would not fear;
Of that great Portraicture, ſo true
A Copy Pencil never drew.
My Muſe her Song had ended here,
But both their Genii ſtrait appear,
Joy and amazement her did ſtrike,
Two Twins ſhe never ſaw ſo like.

'Twas taught by wiſe *Pythagoras*,
One Soul might through more Bodies paſs;
Seeing ſuch Tranſmigration there.
She thought it not a Fable there.
Such a reſemblance of all parts,
Life, Death, Age, Fortune, Nature, Arts,
Then lights her Torch at theirs, to tell,
And ſhew the world this Parallel,
Fixt and contemplative their looks,
Still turning over Natures Books:
Their works chaſt, moral, and divine,
Where profit and delight combine;
They guilding dirt, in noble verſe
Ruſtick Philoſophy reherſe;
When Heroes, Gods, or God-like Kings
They praiſe, on their exalted wings,
To the Celeſtial orbs they climb,
And with the Harmonious Spheres keep time;

Nor

Nor did their actions fall behind
Their words, but with like candour ſhin'd,
Each drew fair Characters, yet none
Of theſe they feign'd, excels their own;
Both by two generous Princes lov'd,
Who knew, and judg'd what they approv'd:
Yet having each the ſame deſire,
Both from the buſie throng retire,
Their Bodies to their Minds reſign'd,
Car'd not to propagate their Kind:
Yet though both fell before their hour,
Time on their off-ſpring hath no power,
Nor fire, nor fate their Bays ſhall blaſt,
Nor Death's dark vail their day o'recaſt.

A Speech againſt Peace *at the cloſe Committee.*

To the Tune of, *I went from* England.

BUT will you now to Peace incline,
And languiſh in the main deſign,
And leave us in the lurch?
I would not Monarchy deſtroy,
But as the only way to enjoy
The ruine of the Church.

Is not the Biſhops Bill deny'd,
And we ſtill threatned to be try'd?
You ſee the King embraces
Thoſe Councils he approv'd before:
Nor doth he promiſe, which is more,
That we ſhall have their Places.

Did I for this bring in the *Scot*?
(For 'tis no Secret now) the Plot
Was *Sayes* and mine together:
Did I for this return again,
And ſpend a Winter there in vain,
Once more to invite them hither?

Though more our Money than our Cauſe
Their Brotherly aſſiſtance draws,
My labour was not loſt.
At my return I brought you thence
Neceſſity, their ſtrong Pretence,
And theſe ſhall quit the coſt.

Did I for this my County bring
To help their Knight againſt their King,
And raiſe the firſt Sedition?
Though I the buſineſs did decline,
Yet I contriv'd the whole Deſign,
And ſent them their Petition.

So

So many nights ſpent in the City
In that inviſible Committee;
The Wheel that governs all.
From thence the Change in Church and State,
And all the Miſchiefs bear the date
From *Haberdaſhers* Hall.

Did we force *Ireland* to deſpair,
Upon the King to caſt the War,
To make the world abhor him:
Becauſe the Rebels us'd his Name,
Though we our ſelves can do the ſame,
While both alike were for him?

Then the ſame fire we kindled here
With that was given to quench it there,
And wiſely loſt that Nation:
To do as crafty Beggars uſe,
To maim themſelves thereby to abuſe
The ſimple mans compaſſion.

Have I ſo often paſt between
Windſor and *Weſtminſter*,
And did my ſelf divide:
To keep his Excellence in awe,
And give the Parliament the Law,
For they knew none beſide?

Did I for this take pains to teach
Our zealous Ignorants to Preach,
And did their Lungs inſpire,
Gave them their Texts, ſhew'd them their Parts,
And taught them all their little Arts,
To fling abroad the Fire?

Sometimes to beg, ſometimes to threaten,
And ſay the Cavaliers are beaten,
To ſtroke the Peoples ears;
Then ſtreight when Victory grows cheap,
And will no more advance the heap,
To raiſe the price of Fears.

And now the Books, and now the Bells,
And now our Act the Preacher tells,
To edifie the People;
All our Divinity is News,
And we have made of equal uſe
The Pulpit and the Steeple.

And ſhall we kindle all this Flame
Only to put it out again,
And muſt we now give o're,
And only end where we begun?
In vain this Miſchief we have done,
If we can do no more.

If men in Peace can have their right,
Where's the neceſſity to fight,
That breaks both Law, the Oath?
They'l ſay they fight not for the Cauſe,
Nor to defend the King and Laws,
But as againſt them both.

Either the cauſe at firſt was ill,
Or being good it is ſo ſtill;
And thence they will infer,
That either now, or at the firſt
They were deceiv'd; or which is worſt,
That we our ſelves may erre.

But Plague and Famine will come in,
For they and we are near of kin,
And cannot go aſunder:
But while the wicked ſtarve, indeed
The Saints have ready at their need
Gods Providence and Plunder.

Princes we are if we prevail,
And Gallant Villains if we fail,
When to our Fame 'tis told;
It will not be our leaſt of praiſe,
Sin' a new State we could not raiſe,
To have deſtroy'd the old.

Then

Then let us ſtay and fight, and vote,
Till *London* is not worth a Groat;
Oh 'tis a patient Beaſt!
When we have gall'd and tyr'd the Mule,
And can no longer have the rule,
We'll have the ſpoil at leaſt.

To the Five Members of the Honourable Houſe of Commons.

The Humble Petition of the POETS.

AFter ſo many Concurring Petitions
From all Ages and Sexes, and all conditions,
We come in the rear to preſent our Follies
To *Pym*, *Stroude*, *Haſlerig*, *H.* and *H.*
Though ſet form of *Prayer* be an *Abomination*,
Yet forms of *Petitions* find great Approbation:

Therefore, as others from th' bottom of their
ſouls,

So we from the depth and bottom of our *Bowls*,

According unto the bleſſed form you have
taught us,

We thank you firſt for the *Ills* you have brought
us,

For the *Good* we receive we thank him that
gave it,

And you for the Confidence only to crave it.

Next in courſe, we complain of the great *vio-
lation*

Of *Priviledge* (like the reſt of our Nation)

But 'tis none of yours of which we have ſpoken

Which never had being, until they were broken;

But ours is a *Priviledge* Antient and Native,

Hangs not on an *Ordinance*, or power *Legiſlative*

And firſt, 'tis to ſpeak whatever we pleaſe

Without fear of a *Priſon* or *Purſuivants* fees.

Next, that we only may *lye* by Authority,

But in that alſo you have got the Priority.

Next, an old Cuſtom, our Fathers did name it

Poetical licenſe, and alwaies did claim it.

By this we have power to change Age into Youth,

Turn *Non-ſence* to Sence, and Falſhood to Truth;

In brief, to make good whatſoever is faulty,

This art ſome *Poet*, or the *Devil* has taught ye:

And this our Property you have invaded,

And a *Priviledge* of both Houſes have made it:

But that truſt above all in Poets repoſed,

That *Kings* by them only are made and Depoſed,

This though you cannot do, yet you are willing;

But when we undertake Depoſing or Killing,

They're *Tyrants* and *Monſters*, and yet then the Poet

Takes full Revenge on the Villains that do it:

And when we resume a *Scepter* or a *Crown*,

We are Modest, and seek not to make it our own.

But is't not presumption to write Verses to you,

Who make the better *Poems* of the two?

For all those pretty Knacks you compose,

Alas, what are they but *Poems* in Prose?

And between those and ours there's no difference,

But that yours want the rhime, the wit and the sense:

But for lying (the most noble part of a *Poet*)

You have it abundantly, and your selves know it,

And though you are modest, and seem to abhor it,

'T has done you good service, and thank *Hell* for it:

Although the old Maxime remains still in force,

That a Sanctified Cause, must have a Sanctified Course.

If

If poverty be a part of our Trade,
So far the whole Kingdom *Poets* you have made,
Nay even ſo far as undoing will do it,
You have made *King Charles* himſelf a Poet:
But provoke not his Muſe, for all the world knows,
Already you have had too much of his *Proſe*.

A Weſtern Wonder.

DO you not know, not a fortnight ago,
How they brag'd of a Weſtern wonder?
When a hundred and ten, ſlew five thouſand men,
With the help of Lightning and Thunder.
There *Hopton* was ſlain, again and again,
Or elſe my Author did lye;
With a new *Thanksgiving*, for the Dead who are living,
To God, and his Servant *Chidleigh*.

But now on which ſide was this Miracle try'd,

I hope we at laſt are even;

For Sir *Ralph* and his Knaves, are riſen from their Graves,

To Cudgel the Clowns of *Devon*.

And there *Stamford* came, for his Honour was lame

Of the Gout three months together;

But it prov'd when they fought, but a running Gout,

For his heels were lighter then ever.

For now he out-runs his Arms and his Guns,

And leaves all his money behind him.

But they follow after, unleſs he take water

At *Plymouth* again, they will find him.

What *Reading* hath coſt, and *Stamford* hath loſt,

Goes deep in the Sequeſtrations;

Theſe wounds will not heal, with your ne
Great Seal,
Nor *Jepſons* Declarations.

Now *Peters*, and *Caſe*, in your Prayer and Grace
Remember the new *Thanksgiving*;
Iſaac and his Wife, now dig for your life,
Or ſhortly, you'l dig for your living.

A Second Weſtern Wonder.

YOu heard of that wonder, of the *Lightning* and *Thunder*,
Which made the lye ſo much the louder:
Now liſt to another, that Miracles Brother,
Which was done with a *Firkin of Powder*.

Oh what a damp, it ſtruck through the Camp!
But as for honeſt Sir *Ralph*,
It blew him to the *Vies*, without beard, or eyes,
But at leaſt three heads and a half.

When

When out came the book, which the *News-Monger* took
From the *Preaching Ladies* Letter,
Where in the first place, stood the *Conquerours* face,
Which made it shew much the better.

But now without lying, you may paint him flying,
At *Bristol* they say you may find him,
Great *William* the *Con* so fast he did run,
That he left half his name behind him.

And now came the Post, saves all that was lost,
But alas, we are past deceiving,
By a trick so stale, or else such a tale
Might amount to a new *Thanksgiving*.

This made Mr. *Case*, with a pitiful face,
In the Pulpit to fall a weeping,

Though

Though his mouth utter'd *lyes*, *truth* fell from his eyes,

Which kept the Lord *Maior* from sleeping.

Now shut up shops, and spend your last drops,

For the Laws nor your Cause, you that loath 'um,

Lest *Essex* should start, and play the *Second part*,

Of *Worshipful* Sir *John Hotham*.

News from Colchester.

Or, *A Proper new Ballad of certain Carnal passages betwixt a* Quaker *and a* Colt, *at* Horsly *near* Colchester *in* Essex.

To the Tune of, Tom of Bedlam.

1.

ALL in the Land of *Essex*,
Near *Colchester* the Zealous,

On

On the ſide of a bank,
Was play'd ſuch a Prank,
As would make a Stone-horſe jealous.

2.

Help *Woodcock*, *Fox* and *Nailor*,
For Brother *Green*'s a Stallion,
Now alas what hope
Of converting the Pope,
When a Quaker turns *Italian*?

3.

Even to our whole profeſſion
A ſcandal 'twill be counted,
When 'tis talkt with diſdain
Amongſt the Profane,
How Brother *Green* was mounted.

4.

And in the Good time of Chriſtmas,
Which though our Saints have damn'd all,

Yet when did they hear
That a damn'd Cavalier
Ere play'd ſuch a Chriſtmas gambal?

5.

Had thy fleſh, O *Green*, been pamper'd
With any Cates unhallow'd,
Hadſt thou ſweetned thy Gums,
With Pottage of Plums,
Or prophane minc'd Pie hadſt ſwallow'd,

6.

Roll'd up in wanton Swine's-fleſh,
The Fiend might have crept into thee;
Then fullneſs of gut
Might have caus'd thee to rut,
And the Devil have ſo rid through thee.

7.

But alas he had been feaſted
With a Spiritual Collation,

By our frugal Mayor,
Who can dine on a Prayer,
And ſup on an Exhortation.

8.

'Twas meer impulſe of Spirit,
Though he us'd the weapon carnal:
Filly Foal, quoth he,
My Bride thou ſhalt be:
And how this is lawful, learn all.

9.

For if no reſpect of Perſons
Be due 'mongſt Sons of *Adam*,
In a large extent,
Thereby may be meant
That a *Mare*'s as good as a *Madam*.

10.

Then without more Ceremony,
Not Bonnet vail'd, nor kiſt her,

But took her by force,
For better for worſe,
And us'd her like a Siſter.

11.

Now when in ſuch a Saddle
A Saint will needs be riding,
Though we dare not ſay:
'Tis a falling away,
May there not be ſome back-ſliding?

12.

No ſurely, quoth *James Naylor*,
'Twas but an inſurrection
Of the Carnal part,
For a Quaker in heart
Can never loſe perfection.

13.

For (as our Maſters teach us) *The Jeſuites.*
The intent being well directed,

Though the Devil trepan
The Adamical man,
The Saint ſtands un-infected.

14.

But alas a Pagan Jury
Ne're judges what's intended,
Then ſay what we can,
Brother *Green*'s outward man
I fear will be ſuſpended.

15.

And our Adopted Siſter
Will find no better quarter,
But when him we inroul
For a Saint, Filly Foal
Shall paſs her ſelf for a Martyr.

16.

Rome that Spiritual *Sodom*
No longer is thy debter,

O *Colcheſter*, now
Who's *Sodom* but thou;
Even according to the Letter?

A SONG.

Morpheus the humble God, that dwells
In cottages and ſmoaky cells,
Hates gilded roofs and beds of down;
And though he fears no Princes frown,
Flies from the circle of a Crown.

Come, I ſay, thou powerful God,
And thy Leaden charming Rod,
Dipt in the Læthean Lake,
O're his wakeful temples ſhake,
Leſt he ſhould ſleep and never wake.

Nature (alas) why art thou ſo
Obliged to thy greateſt Foe?
Sleep that is thy beſt repaſt,
Yet of death it bears a taſte,
And both are the ſame thing at laſt.

On Mr. John Fletchers *Works.*

SO ſhall we joy, when all whom Beaſts and Worms
Had turn'd to their own ſubſtances and forms,
Whom Earth to Earth, or Fire hath chang'd to Fire,
We ſhall behold more then at firſt entire;
As now we do, to ſee all thine thy own
In this thy Muſes Reſurrection,
Whoſe ſcatter'd parts, from thy own race, more wounds
Hath ſuffer'd, then *Acteon* from his Hounds;

Which

Which first their Brains, and then their Belly fed,
And from their excrements new Poets bred.
But now thy Muse enraged from her Urn
Like Ghosts of Murdered bodies does return
T'accuse the Murderers, to right the Stage
And undeceive the long abused Age,
Which casts thy praise on them, to whom thy wit
Gives not more Gold then they give dross to it:
Who not content like Felons to Purloyn,
Adde Treason to it, and debase thy Coyn.
But whither am I straid? I need not raise
Trophies to thee from other mens dispraise;
Nor is thy Fame on lesser ruines built,
Nor needs thy juster Title the foul guilt
Of Eastern Kings, who to secure their reign,
Must have their Brothers, Sons, and Kindred slain.

Then was wits Empire at the Fatal height,
When labouring and ſinking with its weight,
From thence a Thouſand leſſer Poets ſprung
Like petty Princes from the fall of *Rome*;
When *Johnſon*, *Shakeſpear*, and thy ſelf did ſit,
And ſway'd in the triumvirate of wit---
Yet what from *Johnſon*'s oyl and ſweat did flow
Or what more eaſie Nature did beſtow
On *Shakeſpear*'s gentler Muſe, in thee full grown
Their graces both appear, yet ſo, that none
Can ſay here Nature ends, and Art begins,
But mixt like th' Elements and born like twins,
So interweav'd, ſo like, ſo much the ſame,
None, this meer Nature, that meer Art can name:
'Twas this the Antients mean't; Nature and Ski
Are the two tops of their *Parnaſſus* Hill.

To Sir Richard Fanſhaw *upon his Tranſlation of* Paſtor Fido.

SUch is our Pride, our Folly, or our Fate,
That few but ſuch as cannot write, Tranſlate.
But what in them is want of Art or voice,
In thee is either Modeſty or Choice.
Whiles this great piece, reſtor'd by thee doth ſtand
Free from the blemiſh of an Artleſs hand.
Secure of Fame, thou juſtly doſt eſteem
Leſs honour to create, than to redeem.
Nor ought a Genius leſs than his that writ,
Attempt Tranſlation; for tranſplanted wit,
All the defects of air and ſoil doth ſhare,
And colder brains like colder Climates are:

In vain they toil, ſince nothing can beget
A vital ſpirit, but a vital heat.
That ſervile path thou nobly doſt decline
Of tracing word by word, and line by line.
Thoſe are the labour'd births of ſlaviſh brains,
Not the effects of Poetry, but pains;
Cheap vulgar arts, whoſe narrowneſs affords
No flight for thoughts, but poorly ſticks at words.
A new and nobler way thou doſt purſue
To make Tranſlations and Tranſlators too.
They but preſerve the Aſhes, thou the flame,
True to his ſenſe, but truer to his fame.
Foording his current, where thou find'ſt it low
Let'ſt in thine own to make it riſe and flow;
Wiſely reſtoring whatſoever grace
It loſt by change of Times, or Tongues, or Place.
Nor fetter'd to his Numbers, and his Times,

Betray'ſt his Muſick to unhappy Rimes,
Nor are the nerves of his compacted ſtrength
Stretch'd and diſſolv'd into unſinnewed length:
Yet after all, (leſt we ſhould think it thine)
Thy ſpirit to his circle doſt confine.
New names, new dreſſings, and the modern caſt,
Some Scenes, ſome perſons alter'd, had out-fac'd
The world, it were thy work; for we have known
Some thank't and prais'd for what was leſs their own.
That Maſters hand which to the life can trace
The airs, the lines, and features of a face,
May with a free and bolder ſtroke expreſs
A varied poſture, or a flatt'ring Dreſs;
He could have made thoſe like, who made the reſt,
But that he knew his own deſign was beſt.

A Dialogue between Sir John Pooley *and Mr.* Thomas Killigrew.

P. TO thee dear *Thom.* my ſelf addreſſing,
Moſt queremonioufly confeſſing,
That I of late have been compreſſing.

Deſtitute of my wonted Gravity,
I perpetrated Arts of Pravity,
In a contagious Concavity.

Making efforts with all my Puiſſance,
For ſome Venereal Reiouiſſance,
I got (as one may ſay) a nuyſance.

K. Come leave this fooling Couſin *Pooley*,
And in plain Engliſh tell us truly
Why under th' eyes you look ſo blewly?

'Tis

'Tis not your hard words will avail you,
Your Latin and your Greek will fail you;
Till you ſpeak plainly what doth ail you.

When young, you led a life Monaſtick,
And wore a Veſt Eccleſiaſtick;
Now in your Age you grow Fantaſtick.

P. Without more Preface or Formality,
A Female of Malignant Quality
Set fire on Label of Mortality.

The Fæces of which Ulceration,
Brought o're the Helm a Diſtillation,
Through the Inſtrument of Propagation.

K. Then Couſin, (as I gueſs the matter)
You have been an old Fornicater,
And now are ſhot 'twixt wind and Water.

Your ſtyle has ſuch an ill complexion,
That from your breath I fear infection,
That even your mouth needs an injection.

You that were once ſo œconomick,
Quitting the thrifty ſtyle Laconick.
Turn Prodigal in Makeronick.

Yet be of comfort I ſhall ſend a
Perſon of knowledge who can mend a
Diſaſter in your nether end-a---

Whether it *Pullen* be or *Shanker*,
Cordee and crooked like an Anchor,
Your cure too coſts you but a ſpanker.

Or though your Piſs be ſharp as Razor,
Do but confer with Dr. *Frazer*,
He'll make your Running Nag a Pacer.

Nor ſhall you need your Silver quick Sir,
Take *Mongo Murrey's Black Elixir*,
And in a week it Cures your P---- Sir.

But you that are a Man of Learning,
So read in *Virgil*, ſo diſcerning,
Methinks towards fifty ſhould take warning.

Once in a Pit you did miſcarry,
That danger might have made one wary;
This Pit is deeper then the Quarry.

Hunting near *Paris* he and his Horſe fell into a Quarry

P. Give me not ſuch diſconſolation,
Having now cur'd my Inflammation,
To Ulcerate my Reputation.

Though

Though it may gain the Ladies favour;
Yet it may raiſe an evil ſavour
Upon all grave and ſtaid behaviour.

And I will rub my Mater Pia,
To find a Rhyme to Gonorrheia;
And put it in my Litania.

An Occaſional Imitation of a Modern Author upon the Game of Cheſs.

A Tablet ſtood of that abſterſive Tree,
Where *Æthiops* ſwarthy Bird did build her neſt,
Inlaid it was with *Lybian* Ivory,
Drawn from the Jaws of *Africks* prudent beaſt.

Two Kings like *Saul*, much Taller then the reſt,
Their equal Armies draw into the Field;
Till one take th' other Priſoner they conteſt;
Courage and Fortune muſt to Conduct yield.

This

This Game the *Perſian Magi* did invent,
The force of Eaſtern Wiſdom to expreſs;
From thence to buſie *Europæans* ſent,
And ſtyl'd by *Modern Lombards* penſive Cheſs.

Yet ſome that fled from *Troy* to *Rome* report,
Pentheſilea Priam did oblige;
Her *Amazons*, his *Trojans* taught this ſport,
To paſs the tedious hours of ten years Siege.

There ſhe preſents her ſelf, whilſt King and Peers
Look gravely on whilſt fierce *Bellona* fights;
Yet Maiden modeſty her motions ſteers,
Nor rudely skips o're *Biſhops* heads like *Knights*.

The Passion of Dido *for* Æneas.

HAving at large declar'd *Joves* Ambassy,
Cyllenius from *Æneas* straight doth flye; Mercury.
He loth to disobey the Gods command,
Nor willing to forsake this pleasant Land,
Asham'd the kind *Eliza* to deceive,
But more afraid to take a solemn leave;
He many ways his labouring thoughts revolves,
But fear o're-coming shame, at last resolves
(Instructed by the God of Thieves) to steal
Himself away, and his escape conceal. Mercury.
He calls his Captains, bids them Rigg the Fleet,
That at the Port they privately should meet;
And some dissembled colour to project,
That *Dido* should not their design suspect;
But all in vain he did his Plot disguise:
No Art a watchful Lover can surprize.

She

She the first motion finds; Love though most sure,

Yet always to it self seems unsecure;

That wicked Fame which their first Love proclaim'd,

Fore-tells the end; The Queen with rage inflam'd

Thus greets him, thou dissembler would'st thou flye

Out of my arms by stealth perfidiously?

Could not the hand I plighted, nor the Love,

Nor thee the Fate of dying *Dido* move?

And in the depth of Winter in the night,

Dark as thy black designs to take thy flight,

To plow the raging Seas to Coasts unknown,

The Kingdom thou pretend'st to not thine own;

Were *Troy* restor'd, thou shouldst mistrust a wind

False as thy Vows, and as thy heart unkind.

Fly'ſt thou from me? by theſe dear drops of
brine
I thee adjure, by that right hand of thine,
By our Eſpouſals, by our Marriage-bed,
If all my kindneſs ought have merited;
If ever I ſtood fair in thy eſteem,
From ruine, me, and my loſt houſe redeem.
Cannot my Prayers a free acceptance find?
Nor my Tears ſoften an obdurate mind?
My Fame of Chaſtity, by which the Skies
I reacht before, by thee extinguiſht dies;
Into my borders now *Iarbas* falls,
And my revengeful Brother ſcales my walls;
The wild *Numidians* will advantage take,
For thee both *Tyre* and *Carthage* me forſake.
Hadſt thou before thy flight but left with me
A young *Æneas* who reſembling thee,

Might in my ſight have ſported, I had then
Not wholly loſt, nor quite deſerted been;
By thee no more my Husband, but my Gueſt,
Betray'd to miſchiefs, of which death's the leaſt.
With fixed looks he ſtands, and in his Breaſt
By *Joves* command his ſtruggling care ſuppreſt;
Great Queen, your favours and deſerts ſo great,
Though numberleſs, I never ſhall forget,
No time, until my ſelf I have forgot;
Out of my heart *Eliza*'s name ſhall blot:
But my unwilling flight the Gods inforce,
And that muſt juſtifie our ſad Divorce;
Since I muſt you forſake, would Fate permit,
To my deſires I might my fortune fit;
Troy to her Ancient Splendour I would raiſe,
And where I firſt began, would end my days;

But since the *Lycian* Lotts, and *Delphick* God
Have destin'd *Italy* for our abode;
Since you proud *Carthage* (fled from *Tyre*) enjoy,
Why should not *Latium* us receive from *Troy*?
As for my Son, my Fathers angry Ghost,
Tells me his hopes by my delays are crost,
And mighty *Joves* Embassadour appear'd
With the same message, whom I saw and heard;
We both are griev'd when you or I complain,
But much the more when all complaints are vain;
I call to witness all the Gods and thy
Beloved head, the Coast of *Italy*
Against my will I seek.
Whilst thus he speaks, she rowls her sparkling eyes,
Surveys him round, and thus incens'd replies;

Thy

Thy Mother was no Goddeſs, nor thy ſtock
From *Dardanus*, but in ſome horrid rock,
Perfidious wretch, rough *Caucaſus* thee bred,
And with their Milk *Hircanian* Tygers fed.
Diſſimulation I ſhall now forget,
And my reſerves of rage in order ſet;
Could all my Prayers and ſoft Entreaties force
Sighs from his Breaſt, or from his look remorſe.
Where ſhall I firſt complain? can Mighty *Jove*
Or *Juno* ſuch Impieties approve?
The juſt *Aſtræa* ſure is fled to Hell.
Nor more in Earth, nor Heaven it ſelf will dwell.
Oh Faith! him on my Coaſts by Tempeſt caſt,
Receiving madly, on my Throne I plac'd;

His Men from Famine, and his Fleet from Fire
I reſcu'd: now the *Lycian Lotts* conſpire
With *Phœbus*; now *Joves Envoyé* through the Air
Brings diſmal tydings, as if ſuch low care
Could reach their thoughts, or their repoſe diſturb;
Thou art a falſe Impoſtor, and a Fourbe;
Go, go, purſue thy Kingdom through the Main,
I hope if Heaven her Juſtice ſtill retain,
Thou ſhalt be wrackt, or caſt upon ſome rock,
Where thou the name of *Dido* ſhalt invoke;
I'le follow thee in Funeral flames, when dead
My Ghoſt ſhall thee attend at Board and Bed,
And when the Gods on thee their vengeance show,
That welcom news ſhall comfort me below.
This ſaying, from his hated ſight he fled;

Conducted by her Damſels to her bed;
Yet reſtleſs ſhe aroſe, and looking out,
Beholds the Fleet, and hears the Seamen ſhout:
When great *Æneas* paſs'd before the Guard,
To make a view how all things were prepar'd.
Ah cruel Love! to what doſt thou inforce
Poor Mortal Breaſts? again ſhe hath recourſe
To Tears, and Prayers, again ſhe feels the ſmart
Of a freſh wound from his tyrannick Dart.
That ſhe no ways nor means may leave untry'd,
Thus to her Siſter ſhe her ſelf apply'd:
Dear Siſter, my reſentment hath not been
So moving, if this Fate I had fore-ſeen;
Therefore to me this laſt kind office do,
Thou haſt ſome intereſt in our ſcornful Foe,
He truſts to thee the Counſels of his mind,
Thou his ſoft hours, and free acceſs canſt find;

Tell him I ſent not to the *Ilian* Coaſt
My Fleet to aid the *Greeks*; his Fathers Ghoſt
I never did diſturb; ask him to lend
To this the laſt requeſt that I ſhall ſend,
A gentle Ear; I wiſh that he may find
A happy paſſage, and a proſp'rous wind.
That contract I not plead, which he betray'd,
Nor that his promis'd Conqueſt be delay'd;
All that I ask, is but a ſhort Reprieve,
Till I forget to love, and learn to grieve;
Some pauſe and reſpite only I require,
Till with my tears I ſhall have quencht my fire.
If thy addreſs can but obtain one day
Or two, my Death that ſervice ſhall repay.
Thus ſhe intreats; ſuch meſſages with tears
Condoling *Anne* to him, and from him bears;
But him no Prayers, no Arguments can move,
The Fates reſiſt, his Ears are ſtopt by *Jove*:

As when fierce Northern blasts from th' *Alpes* descend,
From his firm roots with strugling gusts to rend
An aged sturdy Oak, the ratling sound
Grows loud, with leafs and scatter'd arms the ground
Is over-laid; yet he stands fixt, as high
As his proud head is raised towards the Sky,
So low towards Hell his roots descend. With Pray'rs
And Tears the *Hero* thus assail'd, great cares
He smothers in his Breast, yet keeps his Post,
All their addresses and their labour lost.
Then she deceives her Sister with a smile,
Anne in the Inner Court erects a Pile;
Thereon his Arms and once lov'd Portraict lay,
Thither our fatal Marriage-bed convey;
All curs'd Monuments of him with fire
We must abolish (so the Gods require)

She gives her credit, for no worſe effect
Then from *Sichæus* death ſhe did ſuſpect,
And her commands obeys.
Aurora now had left *Tithonus* bed,
And o're the world her bluſhing Raies did ſpread;
The Queen beheld as ſoon as day appear'd,
The Navy under Sail, the Haven clear'd;
Thrice with her hand her Naked Breaſt ſhe knocks,
And from her forehead tears her Golden Locks.
O *Jove*, ſhe cry'd, and ſhall he thus delude
Me and my Realm! why is he not purſu'd?
Arm, Arm, ſhe cry'd, and let our *Tyrians* board
With ours his Fleet, and carry Fire and Sword;
Leave nothing unattempted to deſtroy
That perjur'd Race, then let us dye with joy;
What if the event of War uncertain were,
Nor death, nor danger, can the deſperate fear?

But oh too late! this thing I ſhould have done,
When firſt I plac'd the Traytor on my Throne.
Behold the Faith of him who ſav'd from fire
His honour'd houſhold gods, his Aged Sire
His Pious ſhoulders from *Troy*'s Flames did bear;
Why did not I his Carcaſe piece-meal tear
And caſt it in the Sea? why not deſtroy
All his Companions and beloved Boy
Aſcanius? and his tender limbs have dreſt
And made the Father on the Son to Feaſt?
Thou Sun, whoſe luſtre all things here below
Surveys; and *Juno* conſcious of my woe;
Revengeful Furies, and Queen *Hecate*,
Receive and grant my prayer! if he the Sea
Muſt needs eſcape, and reach th' *Auſonian* land,
If *Jove* decree it, *Jove*'s decree muſt ſtand;

When

When landed, may he be with Arms oppreſt
By his rebelling people, be diſtreſt
By exile from his Country, be divorc'd
From young *Aſcanius* ſight, and be enforc'd
To implore Foreign aids, and loſe his Friends
By violent and undeſerved ends:
When to conditions of unequal Peace
He ſhall ſubmit, then may he not poſſeſs
Kingdom nor Life, and find his Funeral
I'th' Sands, when he before his day ſhall fall:
And ye oh *Tyrians* with immortal hate
Purſue this race, this ſervice dedicate
To my deplored aſhes; let there be
'Twixt us and them no League nor Amity.
May from my bones a new *Achilles* riſe,
That ſhall infeſt the *Trojan* Colonies

With

With Fire, and Sword, and Famine, when at length
Time to our great attempts contributes ſtrength;
Our Seas, our Shores, our Armies theirs oppoſe,
And may our Children be for ever Foes.
A ghaſtly paleneſs deaths approach portends,
Then trembling ſhe the fatal pile aſcends;
Viewing the *Trojan* relicks, ſhe unſheath'd;
Æneas Sword, not for that uſe bequeath'd:
Then on the guilty bed ſhe gently lays
Her ſelf, and ſoftly thus lamenting prays:
Dear Reliques whilſt that Gods and Fates give leave,
Free me from care, and my glad ſoul receive;
That date which fortune gave I now muſt end,
And to the ſhades a noble Ghoſt deſcend;
Sichæus blood by his falſe Brother ſpilt,
I have reveng'd, and a proud City built;

Happy

Happy, alas! too happy I had liv'd,
Had not the *Trojan* on my Coaſt arriv'd;
But ſhall I dye without revenge? yet dye
Thus, thus with joy to thy *Sichæus* flye.
My conſcious Foe my Funeral fire ſhall view
From Sea, and may that Omen him purſue.
Her fainting hand let fall the Sword beſmear'd
With blood, and then the mortal wound appear'd;
Through all the Court the fright and clamours riſe,
Which the whole City fills with fears and cries,
As loud as if her *Carthage*, or old *Tyre*
The Foe had entred, and had ſet on Fire:
Amazed *Anne* with ſpeed aſcends the ſtairs,
And in her arms her dying Siſter rears:
Did you for this, your ſelf, and me beguile
For ſuch an end did I erect this Pile?

Did

Did you ſo much deſpiſe me, in this Fate
My ſelf with you not to aſſociate?
Your ſelf and me, alas! this fatal wound
The Senate, and the People, doth confound.
I'le waſh her Wound with Tears, and at her Death,
My Lips from hers ſhall draw her parting Breath.
Then with her Veſt the Wound ſhe wipes and dries;
Thrice with her Arm the Queen attempts to riſe,
But her ſtrength failing, falls into a ſwound,
Life's laſt efforts yet ſtriving with her Wound;
Thrice on her Bed ſhe turns, with wandring ſight
Seeking, ſhe groans when ſhe beheld the light;
Then *Juno* pitying her diſaſtrous Fate,
Sends *Iris* down, her Pangs to Mitigate,

Since

(Since if we fall before th' appointed day,
Nature and Death continue long their Fray.)
Iris Deſcends; This Fatal lock (ſays ſhe)
To *Pluto* I bequeath, and ſet thee free,
Then clips her Hair, cold Numneſs ſtrait bereaves
Her Corps of ſenſe, and th' Ayr her Soul receives.

A Preface to the following Translation.

GOing this last Summer to visit the Wells, I took an occasion (by the way) to wait upon an Ancient and Honourable Friend of mine, whom I found diverting his (then solitary) retirement with the Latin Original of this Translation, which (being out of Print) I had never seen before: when I looked upon it, I saw that it had formerly passed through two Learned hands, not without approbation; which were Ben Johnson, and Sir Kenelme Digby; but I found it, (where I shall never find my self) in the service of a better Master, the Earl of Bristol, of whom I shall say no more; for I love not to improve the Honour of the Living, by impairing that of the Dead; and my own Profession hath taught me, not to erect new Superstructions upon an old Ruine. He was pleased to recommend it to me for my companion at the Wells, where I lik'd the entertainment it gave me so well, that I undertook to redeem it from an obsolete English disguise, wherein an old Monk had cloathed it, and to make as becoming a new Vest for it, as I could.

The Author was a Person of Quality in Italy, his name Mancini, which Family matched since with the Sister of Cardinal Mazarine; he was co-temporary to Petrarch, and Mantuan, and not long before Torquato Tasso; which shews, that the

Age they lived in, was not so unlearned, as that which preceded, or that which followed.

The Author writ upon the four Cardinal Vertues, but I have Translated only the two first, not to turn the kindness I intended to him into an injury; for the two last are little more then repetitions and recitals of the first; and (to make a just excuse for him) they could not well be otherwise, since the two last Vertues are but descendants from the first; Prudence being the true Mother of Temperance, and true Fortitude the Child of Justice.

OF

Of Prudence.

WIſdoms firſt Progreſs is to take a view
What's decent or undecent, falſe or true.
He's truly Prudent, who can ſeparate
Honeſt from Vile, and ſtill adhere to that;
Their difference to meaſure, and to reach,
Reaſon well rectify'd muſt Nature teach.
And theſe high Scrutinies are ſubjects fit
For Man's all-ſearching and enquiring wit;
That ſearch of Knowledge did from *Adam* flow;
Who wants it, yet abhors his wants to ſhow.
Wiſdom of what her ſelf approves, makes choice,
Nor is led Captive by the Common voice.
Clear-ſighted Reaſon Wiſdoms Judgment leads,
And Senſe, her Vaſſal, in her footſtoops treads.

That thou to Truth the perfect way may'st know
To thee all her specifick forms I'le shew;
He that the way to Honesty will learn,
First what's to be avoided must discern.
Thy self from flattering self-conceit defend,
Nor what thou dost not know, to know pretend.
Some secrets deep in abstruse Darkness lye;
To search them, thou wilt need a piercing Eye.
Not rashly therefore to such things assent,
Which undeceiv'd, thou after may'st repent;
Study and Time in these must thee instruct,
And others old experience may conduct.
Wisdom her self her Ear doth often lend
To Counsel offer'd by a faithful Friend.
In equal Scales two doubtful matters lay,
Thou may'st chuse safely that which most doth weigh;

'Tis

Tis not ſecure, this place, or that to guard,
If any other entrance ſtand unbarr'd;
He that eſcapes the Serpents Teeth, may fail
If he himſelf ſecure not from his Tayl.
Who ſaith, who could ſuch ill events expect?
With ſhame on his own Counſels doth reflect;
Moſt in the World doth ſelf-conceit deceive,
Who juſt and good, what e're they act, believe;
To their Wills wedded, to their Errors ſlaves,
No man (like them) they think himſelf behaves.
This ſtiff-neckt Pride, nor Art, nor Force, can bend,
Nor high-flown hopes to Reaſons Lure deſcend.
Fathers ſometimes their Childrens Faults regard
With Pleaſure, and their Crimes with gifts reward.
Painters when they draw, and Poets write,
Virgil and *Titian*, (ſelf admiring) ſlight;

Then all they do, like Gold and Pearl appears,
And others actions are but Dirt to theirs;
They that ſo highly think themſelves above
All other Men, themſelves can only love;
Reaſon and Vertue, all that Man can boaſt
O're other Creatures, in thoſe Brutes are loſt.
Obſerve (if thee this Fatal Errour touch,
Thou to thy ſelf contributing too much)
Thoſe who are generous, humble, juſt, and wiſe,
Who nor their Gold, nor themſelves Idolize;
To form thy ſelf by their Example, learn,
(For many Eyes can more then one diſcern)
But yet beware of Councils when too full,
Number makes long diſputes and graveneſs dull;
Though their advice be good, their Counſel wiſe,
Yet Length ſtill loſes Opportunities:

Deba

Debate deſtroys diſpatch; as Fruits we ſee
Rot, when they hang too long upon the Tree;
In vain that Husbandman his Seed doth ſow,
If he his Crop, not in due ſeaſon mow.
A General ſets his Army in Array
In vain, unleſs he Fight, and win the day.
'Tis Vertuous Action that muſt Praiſe bring forth,
Without which, ſlow advice is little worth.
Yet they who give good Counſel, Praiſe deſerve,
Though in the active part they cannot ſerve:
In action, Learned Counſellors their Age,
Profeſſion, or Diſeaſe, forbids t'ingage.
Nor to Philoſophers is praiſe deny'd,
Whoſe wiſe Inſtructions After-ages guide;
Yet vainly moſt their Age in ſtudy ſpend;
No end of writing Books, and to no end:

Beating their brains for ſtrange and hidden things,
Whoſe Knowledge, nor Delight, nor Profit brings;
Themſelves with doubts both day and night perplex,
Nor Gentle Reader pleaſe, or teach, but vex.
Books ſhould to one of theſe four ends conduce,
For Wiſdom, Piety, Delight, or Uſe.
What need we gaze upon the ſplanged Sky?
Or into Matters hidden Cauſes pry?
To deſcribe every City, Stream, or Hill
I'th' World, our fancy with vain Arts to fill?
What is't to hear a Sophiſter that pleads,
Who by the Ears the deceiv'd Audience leads?
If we were wiſe, theſe things we ſhould not mind,
But more delight in eaſie matters find.

Learn

Learn to live well, that thou may'ſt dye ſo too;
To live and dye is all we have to do:
The way (if no Digreſſion's made) is even,
And free acceſs, if we but ask, is given.
Then ſeek to know thoſe things which make us bleſt,
And having found them, lock them in thy Breſt;
Enquiring then the way, go on, nor ſlack,
But mend thy pace, nor think of going back.
Some their whole Age in theſe enquiries waſt,
And dye like Fools before one ſtep they paſt;
'Tis ſtrange to know the way, and not t'advance,
That knowledge is far worſe then Ignorance.
The Learned teach, but what they teach, not do;
And ſtanding ſtill themſelves, make others go.
In vain on Study, time away we throw,
When we forbear to act the things we know.

The

The Souldier that Philoſopher well blam'd,
Who long and loudly in the Schools declaim'd;
Tell (ſaid the Souldier) venerable Sir
Why all theſe Words, this Clamour, and this ſtir?
Why do diſputes in wrangling ſpend the day?
Whilſt one ſays only yea, and t' other nay.
Oh, ſaid the Doctor, we for Wiſdom toyl'd,
For which none toyls too much: the Souldier ſmil'd;
Y'are gray and old, and to ſome pious uſe
This maſs of Treaſure you ſhould now reduce:
But you your ſtore have hoarded in ſome bank,
For which th' Infernal Spirits ſhall you thank.
Let what thou learneſt be by practice ſhown,
'Tis ſaid that Wiſdoms Children make her known,
What's good doth open to th' enquirer ſtand,
And if it ſelf offers to th' accepting hand;

All

All things by Order and true Measures done,
Wisdom will end, as well as she begun.
Let early care thy main Concerns secure,
Things of less moment may delays endure:
Men do not for their Servants first prepare,
And of their Wives and Children quit the care;
Yet when we're sick, the Doctor's fetch't in haste,
Leaving our great concernment to the last.
When we are well, our hearts are only set
(Which way we care not) to be Rich, or Great;
What shall become of all that we have got;
We only know that us it follows not;
And what a trifle is a moments Breath,
Laid in the Scale with everlasting Death?
What's Time, when on Eternity we think?
A thousand Ages in that Sea must sink;
Time's nothing but a word, a million
Is full as far from Infinite as one.

To whom thou much doſt owe, thou much muſt pay,
Think on the Debt againſt th' accompting-day;
God, who to thee, Reaſon and Knowledge lent,
Will ask how theſe two Talents have been ſpent.
Let not low Pleaſures thy high Reaſon blind,
He's mad, that ſeeks what no man e're could find.
Why ſhould we fondly pleaſe our Senſe, wherein
Beaſts us exceed nor feel the ſtings of ſin?
What thoughts Mans Reaſon better can become,
Then th' expectation of his welcom home?
Lords of the World have but for Life their Leaſe,
And that too, (if the Leſſor pleaſe) muſt ceaſe.
Death cancels Natures Bonds, but for our Deeds
That Debt firſt paid) a ſtrict account ſucceeds;

If

If here not clear'd, no Surety-ſhip can Bail
Condemned Debtors from th' Eternal Gaol;
Chriſt's Blood's our Balſam, if that cure us here,
Him, when our Judge, we ſhall not find ſevere;
His yoke is eaſie, when by us embrac'd,
But loads and galls, if on our Necks 'tis caſt.
Be juſt in all thy actions, and if joyn'd
With thoſe that are not, never change thy mind;
If ought obſtruct thy courſe, yet ſtand not ſtill,
But wind about, till thou have topp'd the Hill;
To the ſame end Men ſeveral Paths may tread,
As many Doors into one Temple lead;
And the ſame hand into a fiſt may cloſe,
Which inſtantly a Palm expanded ſhows:
Juſtice and Faith never forſake the Wiſe,
Yet may occaſion put him in Diſguiſe;
Not turning like the wind, but if the ſtate
Of things muſt change, he is not obſtinate;

Things past, and future with the present weighs,
Nor credulous of what vain rumour says:
Few things by Wisdom are at first believ'd,
An easie Ear deceives, and is deceiv'd;
For many Truths have often past for Lies,
And Lies as often put on Truths Disguise:
As Flattery too oft like Friendship shows,
So them, who speak plain Truth we think our Foes.
No quick reply to dubious questions make,
Suspence and caution still prevent mistake.
When any great design thou dost intend,
Think on the means, the manner, and the end:
All great Concernments must delays endure;
Rashness and haste make all things unsecure;
And if uncertain thy Pretensions be,
Stay till fit time wear out uncertainty;
But if to unjust things thou dost pretend,
E're they begin let thy Pretensions end.

Let

Let thy Diſcourſe be ſuch, that thou may'ſt give
Profit to others, or from them receive:
Inſtruct the Ignorant, to thoſe that live
Under thy care, good rules and patterns give;
Nor is't the leaſt of Vertues, to relieve
Thoſe whom afflictions or oppreſſions grieve.
Commend but ſparingly whom thou doſt love;
But leſs condemn whom thou doſt not approve:
Thy Friend, like Flattery, too much Praiſe doth wrong,
And too ſharp cenſure ſhews an evil tongue:
But let inviolate Truth be always dear
To thee, even before Friendſhip, Truth prefer;
Then what thou mean'ſt to give, ſtill promiſe leſs;
Hold faſt the Power, thy Promiſe to increaſe:
Look forward what's to come, and back what's paſt,
Thy life will be with Praiſe and Prudence grac'd:

What

What loss, or gain may follow thou may'st guess,
Thou then wilt be secure of the success;
Yet be not always on affairs intent,
But let thy thoughts be easie, and unbent;
When our Minds Eyes are dis-ingag'd and free,
They clearer, farther, and distinctly see;
They quicken sloth, perplexities untye,
Make roughness smooth, and hardness mollifie;
And though our hands from labour are releast,
Yet our minds find (even when we sleep) no rest.

Search not to find how other Men offend,
But by that Glass thy own offences mend;
Still seek to learn, yet care not much from whom,
(So it be Learning) or from whence it come.
Of thy own actions, others judgments learn,
Often by small, great matters we discern:

Youth,

Youth, what mans age is like to be doth ſhow;
We may our Ends by our Beginnings know.
Let none direct thee what to do or ſay,
Till thee thy Judgment of the Matter ſway;
Let not the pleaſing many, thee Delight,
Firſt judge, if thoſe whom thou doſt pleaſe, judge right.
Search not to find what lies too deeply hid,
Nor to know things, whoſe knowledge is forbid;
Nor climb on Pyramids, which thy head turns round
Standing, and whence no ſafe Deſcent is found:
In vain his Nerves, and Faculties he ſtrains
To riſe, whoſe raiſing unſecure remains:
They whom Deſert and Favour forwards thruſt,
Are wiſe, when they their meaſures can adjuſt.
When well at eaſe, and happy, live content,
And then conſider why that life was lent,

When Wealthy, ſhew thy Wiſdom not to be
To Wealth a Servant, but make Wealth ſerve thee.
Though all alone, yet nothing think or do,
Which nor a Witneſs, nor a Judge might know.
The higheſt Hill, is the moſt ſlippery place,
And Fortune mocks us with a ſmiling face;
And her unſteady hand hath often plac'd
Men in high Power, but ſeldom holds them faſt;
Againſt her then her forces Prudence joyns,
And to the Golden Mean her ſelf confines.
More in Proſperity is Reaſon toſt,
Then Ships in Storms, their Helms and Anchors loſt;
Before fair Gales not all our Sayls we bear,
But with ſide Winds into ſafe Harbors ſteer;
More Ships in Calms on a deceitful Coaſt,
Or unſeen Rocks, then in high Storms are loſt.

Who

Who casts out threats and frowns, no man deceives,

Time for resistance, and defence he gives;

But Flattery still in sugar'd words betrays,

And Poyson in high tasted Meats conveys;

So, Fortunes smiles unguarded Man surprize,

But when she frowns, he arms, and her defies.

Of Justice.

'TIS the first Sanction, Nature gave to Man,

Each other to assist in what they can;

Just or unjust, this Law for ever stands,

All things are good by Law which she commands;

The first step, Man towards Christ must justly live,

Whot' us himself, and all we have did give;

In vain doth man the name of Just expect,

If his Devotions he to God neglect;

So muſt we reverence God, as firſt to know
Juſtice from him, not from our ſelves doth flow;
God thoſe accepts who to Mankind are Friends,
Whoſe Juſtice far as their own Power extends;
In that they imitate the Power Divine,
The Sun alike on Good and Bad doth ſhine;
And he that doth no Good, although no ill,
Does not the office of the Juſt fulfil.
Virtue doth man to virtuous actions ſteer,
'Tis not enough that he ſhould Vice forbear;
We live not only for our ſelves to care,
Whilſt they that want it are deny'd their ſhare.
Wiſe *Plato* ſaid, the world with men was ſtor'd,
That ſuccour each to other might afford;
Nor are thoſe ſuccours to one ſort confin'd,
But ſeveral parts to ſeveral men conſign'd;
He that of his own ſtores no part can give,
May with his Counſel or his Hands relieve.

If Fortune make thee powerful, give Defence
'Gainſt Fraud, and Force, to naked Innocence:
And when our Juſtice doth her Tributes pay,
Method and Order muſt direct the way:
Firſt to our God we muſt with reverence bow,
The ſecond honour to our Prince we owe;
Next to Wives, Parents, Children, fit reſpect,
And to our Friends and Kindred we direct:
Then we muſt thoſe, who groan beneath the weight
Of Age, Diſeaſe, or Want, commiſerate:
'Mongſt thoſe whom honeſt Lives can recommend,
Our Juſtice more compaſſion ſhould extend;
To ſuch, who thee in ſome diſtreſs did aid,
Thy Debt of thanks with Intereſt ſhould be paid:
As *Heſiod* ſings, ſpread waters o're thy field,
And a moſt juſt and glad increaſe 'twill yield;

But yet take heed, leſt doing good to one,
Miſchief and wrong be to another done;
Such moderation with thy bounty joyn,
That thou may'ſt nothing give that is not thine;
That Liberality is but caſt away,
Which makes us borrow what we cannot pay:
And no acceſs to wealth let Rapine bring;
Do nothing that's not juſt, to be a King.
Juſtice muſt be from Violence exempt,
But Fraud's her only Object of Contempt.
Fraud in the Fox, Force in the Lyon dwells;
But Juſtice both from humane hearts expels;
But he's the greateſt Monſter (without doubt)
Who is a Wolf within, a Sheep without;
Nor only ill injurious actions are,
But evil words and ſlanders bear their ſhare.
Truth Juſtice loves, and Truth Injuſtice fears,
Truth above all things a Juſt man reveres:

Though

Though not by Oaths we God to witneſs call,
He ſees and hears, and ſtill remembers all;
And yet our atteſtations we may wreſt,
Sometimes to make the Truth more manifeſt;
If by a Lye a man preſerve his Faith,
He Pardon, Leave, and Abſolution hath;
Or if I break my Promiſe, which to thee
Would bring no good, but prejudice to mé.
All things committed to thy truſt, conceal,
Nor what's forbid by any means reveal.
Expreſs thy ſelf in plain, not doubtful words,
That, ground for Quarrels or Diſputes affords:
Unleſs thou find occaſion, hold thy tongue,
Thy ſelf or others, careleſs talk may wrong.
When thou art called into publick Power,
And when a crowd of Suitors throng thy Door,
Be ſure no great Offenders 'ſcape their dooms,
Small praiſe from Lenity, and Remiſsneſs comes;

Crimes pardoned, others to those Crimes invite,
Whilst Lookers on, severe Examples fright:
When by a pardon'd Murderer blood is spilt,
The Judge that pardon'd, hath the greatest guilt;
Who accuse Rigour, make a gross mistake,
One Criminal pardon'd, may an hundred make;
When Justice on Offenders is not done,
Law, Government, Commerce, are overthrown;
As besieg'd Traytors with the Foe conspire,
T' unlock the Gates, and set the Town on Fire.
Yet let not Punishment th' Offence exceed,
Justice with Weight and Measure must proceed:
Yet when pronouncing sentence, seem not glad,
Such Spectacles, though they are just, are sad;
Though what thou dost, thou ought'st not to repent,
Yet Humane Bowels cannot but relent;

Rather

Rather then all muſt ſuffer, ſome muſt dye;
Yet Nature muſt condole their miſery;
And yet if many equal guilt involve,
Thou may'ſt not theſe condemn, & thoſe abſolve.
Juſtice when equal Scales ſhe holds, is blind,
Nor Cruelty, nor Mercy, change her mind;
When ſome eſcape for that which others dye,
Mercy to thoſe, to theſe is Cruelty.
A fine and Slender Net the Spider weaves,
Which little and light Animals receives;
And if ſhe catch a common Bee or Flye,
They with a piteous groan and murmur dye;
But if a Waſp or Hornet ſhe entrap,
They tear her Cords like *Samſon*, and eſcape;
So like a Flie the poor Offender dyes;
But like the Waſp, the Rich eſcapes, and flyes.
Do not if one but lightly thee offend,
The puniſhment beyond the Crime extend;

Or after warning the Offence forget;
So God himself our failings doth remit.
Expect not more from Servants then is just,
Reward them well, if they observe their trust;
Nor them with Cruelty or Pride invade,
Since God and Nature them our Brothers made;
If his Offence be great, let that suffice;
If light, forgive, for no Man's alwaies wise.

The

The PREFACE.

MY early Miſtreſs, now my Antient Muſe,
That ſtrong Circæan *liquor ceaſe to infuſe,*
Wherewith thou didſt intoxicate my youth,
Now ſtoop with diſ-inchanted wings to truth;
As the Doves flight did guide Æneas, *now*
May thine conduct me to the Golden Bough;
Tell (like a Tall Old Oake) how Learning ſhoots
To Heaven her Branches, and to Hell her Roots.

The Progreſs of Learning.

WHen God from Earth form'd *Adam* in the Eaſt,
He his own Image on the Clay impreſt;
As Subjects then the whole Creation came,
And from their Natures *Adam* them did Name,
Not from experience, (for the world was new)
He only from their Cauſe their Natures knew.
Had memory been loſt with Innocence,
We had not known the Sentence nor th' Offence;
'Twas his chief Puniſhment to keep in ſtore
The ſad remembrance what he was before;
And though th' offending part felt mortal pain,
Th' immortal part, its Knowledg did retain.

After

After the Flood, Arts to *Chaldæa* fell,
The Father of the faithful there did dwell,
Who both their Parent and Inſtructer was;
From thence did Learning into *Ægypt* paſs;
Moſes in all th' *Ægyptian* Arts was skill'd,
When Heavenly power that choſen Veſſel fill'd,
And we to his High inſpiration owe,
That what was done before the Flood, we know.
From *Ægypt* Arts their Progreſs made to *Greece*,
Wrapt in the Fable of the Golden Fleece.
Muſæus firſt, then *Orpheus* civilize
Mankind, and gave the world their Deities;
To many Gods they taught Devotion,
Which were the diſtinct faculties of one;
The eternal cauſe, in their immortal lines
Was taught, and Poets were the firſt Divines:
God *Moſes* firſt, then *David* did inſpire,
To compoſe Anthems for his Heavenly Quire;

To th' one the ſtyle of Friend he did impart,
On th' other ſtampt the likeneſs of his heart:
And *Moſes*, in the Old Original,
Even God the Poet of the world doth call.
Next thoſe old *Greeks*, *Pythagoras* did riſe,
Then *Socrates*, whom th' Oracle call'd Wiſe;
The Divine *Plato* Moral Vertue ſhows,
Then his Diſciple *Ariſtotle* roſe,
Who Natures ſecrets to the world did teach,
Yet that great Soul our Noveliſts impeach;
Too much manuring fill'd that field with weeds,
Whilſt Sects, like Locuſts, did deſtroy the ſeeds;
The tree of Knowledge blaſted by diſputes,
Produces ſapleſs leaves inſtead of Fruits;
Proud *Greece*, all Nations elſe, *Barbarians* held,
Boaſting her learning all the world excell'd.
Flying from thence, to *Italy* it came, Gracia Major.
And to the Realm of *Naples* gave the Name,

Till both their Nation and their Arts did come
A welcom Trophy to Triumphant *Rome*;
Then whenſoe're her Conquering Eagles fled,
Arts, Learning, and Civility were ſpread;
And as in this our *Microcoſm*, the heart
Heat, Spirit, Motion gives to every part;
So *Rome*'s Victorious influence did diſperſe
All her own Vertues through the Univerſe.
Here ſome digreſſion I muſt make t' accuſe
Thee my forgetful, and ingrateful Muſe:
Could'ſt thou from *Greece* to *Latium* take thy flight,
And not to thy great Anceſtor do Right?
I can no more believe Old *Homer* blind
Then thoſe, who ſay the Sun hath never ſhin'd;
The age wherein he liv'd, was dark, but he
Could not want ſight, who taught the world to ſee:
They who *Minerva* from *Joves* head derive,
Might make Old *Homers* Skull the Muſes Hive;

And from his Brain, that *Helicon* distil,
Whose Racy Liquor did his off-spring fill.
Nor old *Anacreon*, *Hesiod*, *Theocrite*
Must we forget; nor *Pindar*'s lofty Flight.
Old *Homer*'s soul at last from *Greece* retir'd;
In *Italy* the *Mantuan* Swain inspir'd.
When Great *Augustus* made wars Tempests cease
His *Halcion* days brought forth the arts of Peace;
He still in his Triumphant Chariot shines,
By *Horace* drawn, and *Virgil*'s mighty lines.
'Twas certainly mysterious, that the Name
Of Prophets and of Poets is the same; Vates.
What the *Tragedian* wrote, the late success Seneca.
Declares was Inspiration, and not Gues:
As dark a truth that Author did unfold,
As Oracles, or Prophets e're fore-told:
At last the Ocean shall unlock the Bound The Prophecy.
Of things, and a New World by Typhis *found*,
Then

Then Ages far remote shall understand
The Isle *of* Thule *is not the fartheſt Land.*
Sure God, by theſe Diſcoveries, did deſign
That his clear Light through all the World
should ſhine,
But the Obſtruction from that Diſcord ſprings
The Prince of Darkneſs makes 'twixt Chriſtian
Kings;
That peaceful age, with happineſs to Crown,
From Heaven the Prince of Peace himſelf came
down.
Then, the true Son of Knowledge firſt appear'd;
And the old dark myſterious Clouds were
clear'd,
The heavy Cauſe of th' old accurſed Flood
Sunk in the ſacred Deluge of his Blood.
His Paſſion, Man from his firſt fall, redeem'd;

Once more to Paradiſe reſtor'd we ſeem'd;
Satan himſelf was bound, till th' Iron chain
Our Pride did break, and let him looſe again.
Still the Old Sting remain'd, and Man began
To tempt the Serpent, as He tempted Man;
Then Hell ſends forth her Furies, Avarice,
Pride,
Fraud, Diſcord, Force, Hypocriſie their
Guide;
Though the Foundation on a Rock were laid,
The Church was undermin'd, and then betray'd;
Though the *Apoſtles*, theſe events fore-told,
Yet, even the Shepherd did devour the Fold:
The Fiſher to convert the world began,
The Pride convincing of vain-glorious Man;
But ſoon, his Follower grew a Soveraign Lord,
And *Peter*'s Keys exchang'd for *Peter*'s Sword,

Which

Which ſtill maintains for his adopted Son
Vaſt Patrimonies, though himſelf had none;
Wreſting the Text to the old Gyants ſenſe,
That Heaven, once more, muſt ſuffer, violence.
Then ſubtle Doctors, Scriptures, made their prize,
Caſuiſts, like Cocks, ſtruck out each others Eyes;
Then dark diſtinctions, Reaſons light diſguis'd,
And into Atoms, Truth anatomiz'd.
Then *Mahomets* Creſcent by our fewds encreaſt,
Blaſted the learn'd Remainders of the Eaſt:
That project, when from *Greece* to *Rome* it came,
Made Mother Ignorance Devotions Dame;
Then, He, whom *Lucifer*'s own Pride did ſwell,
His faithful Emiſſary, roſe from Hell

To poſſeſs *Peter*'s Chair, that *Hildebrand*
Whoſe foot on Miters, then on Crowns did
ſtand,
And before that exalted Idol, all
(Whom we call Gods on Earth) did proſtrate
fall.
Then Darkneſs, *Europe*'s face did over-ſpread
From lazy Cells, where ſuperſtition bred,
Which, link'd with blind Obedience, ſo encreaſt
That the whole world, ſome ages they oppreſt;
Till through thoſe Clouds, the Sun of knowledg
brake,
And *Europe* from her Lethargy did wake:
Then, firſt our Monarchs were acknowledg'd
here
That they their Churches Nurſing-Fathers
were.

When

When *Lucifer* no longer could advance
His works on the falſe ground of Ignorance,
New Arts he tries, and new Deſigns he lays,
Then, his well-ſtudy'd Maſter-piece he plays;
Loyola, *Luther*, *Calvin* he inſpires
And kindles, with infernal Flames, their fires,
Sends their fore-runner (conſcious of th' event)
Printing, his moſt pernicious Inſtrument:
Wild Controverſie then, which long had ſlept,
Into the Preſs from ruin'd Cloyſters leapt;
No longer by Implicite faith we erre,
Whilſt every Man's his own Interpreter;
No more conducted now by *Aarons* Rod,
Lay-Elders, from their Ends, create their God.
But ſeven wiſe men, the ancient world did know,

We ſcarce know ſeven, who think themſelves not ſo.

When Man learn'd undefil'd Religion,
We were commanded to be all as one;
Fiery diſputes, that Union have calcin'd,
Almoſt as many minds as men we find,
And when that flame finds combuſtible Earth,
Thence Fatuus fires and Meteors take their birth,
Legions of Sects, and Inſects come in throngs;
To name them all, would tire a hundred tongues.
Such were the Centaures of *Ixions* race
Who, a bright Cloud, for *Juno*, did embrace,
And ſuch the Monſters of *Chimæra*'s kind,
Lyons before, and Dragons were behind.

Then,

Then, from the clashes between Popes and Kings,
Debate, like sparks from Flints collision, springs:
As *Joves* loud Thunder-bolts were forg'd by heat,
The like, our Cyclops, on their Anvils, beat;
All the rich Mines of Learning, ransackt are
To furnish Ammunition for this War:
Uncharitable Zeal our Reason whets,
And double Edges on our Passion sets;
'Tis the most certain sign, the world's accurst,
That the best things corrupted, are the worst;
'Twas the corrupted Light of knowledg, hurl'd
Sin, Death, and Ignorance o're all the world;
That Sun like this, (from which our sight we have)
Gaz'd on too long, resumes the light he gave;

And when thick mists of doubts obscure his
beams,
Our Guide is Errour, and our Visions, Dreams;
'Twas no false Heraldry, when madness drew
Her Pedigree from those, who too much Knew;
Who in deep Mines, for hidden Knowledg toyls,
Like Guns o're-charg'd, breaks, misses, or re-
coyls;
When subtle Wits have spun their thred too
fine,
'Tis weak and fragile like *Arachnes* line:
True Piety, without cessation tost
By *Theories*, the practick part is lost,
And like a Ball bandy'd 'twixt Pride and Wit,
Rather then yield, both sides the Prize will
quit,

Then

Then whilſt his Foe, each Gladiator foyls,
The Atheiſt looking on, enjoys the ſpoils.
Through Seas of knowledge, we our courſe advance,
Diſcovering ſtill new worlds of Ignorance;
And theſe Diſcoveries make us all confeſs
That ſublunary Science is but gueſs,
Matters of fact, to man are only known,
And what ſeems more, is meer opinion;
The ſtanders by, ſee clearly this event,
All parties ſay they're ſure, yet all diſſent,
With their new Light our bold Inſpectors preſs
Like *Cham*, to ſhew their Fathers Nakedneſs,
By whoſe Example, after-ages may
Diſcover, we more naked are then they;
All humane wiſdom to divine, is folly,

This

This Truth, the wiſeſt man made melancholy;
Hope, or belief, or gueſs gives ſome relief,
But to be ſure we are deceiv'd, brings grief;
Who thinks his Wife is Vertuous, though not ſo,
Is pleas'd, and patient, till the truth he know.
Our God, when Heaven and Earth he did Create,
Form'd Man, who ſhould of both participate;
If our Lives motions their's muſt imitate,
Our knowledge, like our blood, muſt circulate.
When like a Bride-groom from the Eaſt, the Sun
Sets forth, he thither, whence he came doth run;
Into Earth's Spungy Veins, the Ocean ſinks

Thoſe

Thoſe Rivers to repleniſh which he drinks;

So Learning which from Reaſons Fountain ſprings,

Back to the ſourſe, ſome ſecret Channel brings.

'Tis happy when our Streams of Knowledge flow

To fill their banks, but not to overthrow.

Ut metit Autumnus fruges quas parturit Æſtas,
Sic Ortum Natura, dedit Deus his quoq; Finem.

FINIS.

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THE SOPHY.

As it was Acted at the Private Houſe in *Black Friars* by His Majeſties Servants.

LONDON,

Printed by *J. M.* for *H. Herringman*, at the Sign of the Blue Anchor in the Lower Walk of the New Exchange, 1671.

The Prologue.

Hither ye come, dislike, and so undo
The Players, and disgrace the Poet too;
But he protests against your votes, and swears
He'll not be try'd by any, but his Peers;
He claims his priviledge, and says 'tis fit
Nothing should be the Judge of wit, but Wit.
Now you will all be Wits, and be I pray;
And you that discommend it, mend the Play;
'Tis the best satisfaction, he knows then
His turn will come, to laugh at you agen.
But Gentlemen, if ye dislike the Play,
Pray make no words on't till the second day,
Or third be past: For we would have you know it,
The loss will fall on us, not on the Poet:
For he writes not for money, nor for praise,
Nor to be call'd a Wit, nor to wear Bayes:
Cares not for frowns or smiles: so now you'l say,
Then (why the Devil) did he write a Play?
He says, 'twas then with him, as now with you,
He did it when he had nothing else to do.

Actors.

Scena *Persia.*

Abbas King of *Persia.*
Mirza, the Prince, his Son.
Erythæa, the Princess, his Wife.
Haly, the King's Favourite. } Enemies to the
Mirvan, *Haly*'s Confident. } Prince.
Abdall, } Two Lords, Friends to the Prince.
Morat, }
Caliph.
Solyman, a foolish Courtier.
Soffy, the Prince his Son, now King of *Persia.*
Fatyma, his Daughter.
2 *Turkish Bashawes.*
3 *Captains.*
2 *Women.*
Physician.
Tormentors.

A THE

THE SOPHY.

Actus Primus.

Enter Abdall *and* Morat.

Mor. MY Lord, you have good intelligence,
What news from the Army,
Any certainty of their design or strength?

Abd. We know not their design: But for their strength,
The disproportion is so great, we cannot but
Expect a fatal consequence.

Mor. How great, my Lord?

Abd. The Turks are fourscore thousand Foot,

And fifty thousand Horse. And we in the whole
Exceed not forty thousand.

Mor. Methinks the Prince should know
That Judgment's more essential to a General,
Than Courage, if he prove victorious
'Tis but a happy rashness.

Abd. But if he lose the battel, 'tis an error
Beyond excuse, or remedy, considering
That half the Lesser *Asia* will follow
The Victors fortune.

Mor. 'Tis his single vertue
And terror of his name, that walls us in
From danger; were he lost, the naked Empire
Would be a prey expos'd to all Invaders.

Abd. But is't not necessary
The King should know his danger?

Mor. To tell him of so great a danger,
Were but to draw a greater on our selves:
For though his eye is open as the mornings,
Towards lusts and pleasures, yet so fast a lethargy
Has seiz'd his powers towards publick cares and dangers,
He sleeps like death.

Abd. He's a man of that strange composition,
Made up of all the worst extremities
Of youth, and age.

Mor. And though
He feels the heats of youth, and colds of age,
Yet neither tempers, nor corrects the other;
As if there were an Ague in his nature,
That still inclines to one extream.

Abd.

Abd. But the *Caliph*, or *Haly*, or ſome that know
His ſofter hours, might beſt acquaint him with it.
Mor. Alas, they ſhew him nothing
But in the glaſs of flattery, if any thing
May bear a ſhew of glory, fame, or greatneſs,
'Tis multiplyed to an immenſe quantity,
And ſtretcht even to Divinity:
But if it tend to danger, or diſhonour,
They turn about the Perſpective, and ſhew it
So little, at ſuch diſtance, ſo like nothing,
That he can ſcarce diſcern it.
Abd. 'Tis the fate of Princes, that no know-(ledge
Comes pure to them, but paſſing through the eies
And ears of other men, it takes a tincture
From every channel; and ſtill bears a reliſh
Of Flattery, or private ends.
Mor. But danger and neceſſity
Dare ſpeak the truth.
Abd. But commonly
They ſpeak not till it is too late:
And for *Haly*,
He that ſhall tell him of the Princes danger,
But tells him that himſelf is ſafe.

Scene

Scena Secunda.

Enter King, Princeſs, and Solyman.

King. Clear up, clear up, ſweet *Erythæa*,
That cloud that hangs upon thy brow preſages
A greater ſtorm then all the Turkiſh power
Can throw upon us, methinks I ſee my fortune
Setling her looks by thine, and in thy ſmile
Sits victory, and in thy frown our ruine:
Why ſhould not hope
As much erect our thoughts, as fear deject them?
Why ſhould we
Anticipate our ſorrows? 'tis like thoſe
That die for fear of death:
What is't you doubt, his courage, or his fortune?
Princeſs. Envy it ſelf could never doubt his courage.
King. Then let not love do worſe, by doubting (that
Which is but valours ſlave; a wiſe well-temper'd valour,
For ſuch is his, thoſe Giants death and danger,
Are but his Miniſters, and ſerve a Maſter
More to be fear'd than they; & the blind goddeſs
Is led amongſt the Captives in his triumph.
Princeſs. I had rather ſhe had eyes, for if ſhe ſaw
Sure ſhe would love him better; but admit (him
She

She were at once a Goddeſs, and his ſlave,
Yet fortune, valour, all is overborn
By numbers: as the long reſiſting Bank
By the impetuous Torrent.

King. That's but rumour:
Ne're did the Turk invade our Territory,
But Fame and Terrour doubled ſtill their files:
But when our Troops encountred, then we found
Scarce a ſufficient matter for our fury. *One brings word of a Meſſenger.* *Solyman* conduct him in,
'Tis ſurely from the Prince.

Enter Poſt, and delivers a Letter. (is well.

King. Give it our Secretaries, I hope the Prince

Poſt. The Letter will inform you. (*Enter a Meſſ.*

Meſſ. Sir, the Lords attend you. *Ex. Princeſs. Enter Lords.*

King. What news from the Army? (

Lord. Pleaſe you to hear the Letter?

King. Read it. (overthrow,

Lord. The Turk enraged with his laſt years
Hath re-inforc't his Army with the choice of all his Janizars,
And the flow'r of his whole Empire; we
Underſtand by ſome Fugitives, that he hath commanded
The Generals to return with victory, or expect
A ſhameful death: what I ſhall further do,
(Their numbers five times exceeding ours)
I deſire to receive directions from your Majeſties command.

King. Send away all your Guards,

Let

Let fresh supplies of victuals, and of money....
Lord. Your Treasures
Are quite exhausted, the Exchequer's empty.
King. Send to the Bankers.
Ab. Sir, upon your late demands
They answered they were poor.
King. Sure the Villains hold a correspondence
With the enemy, and thus they would betray us:
First give us up to want, then to contempt,
And then to ruine; but tell those sons of earth
I'le have their money, or their heads.
'Tis my command, when such occasions are,
No Plea must serve; 'tis cruelty to spare.
Another Messenger. *Exeunt Lords.*
King. The Prince transported with his youthful heat,
I fear hath gone too far: 'tis some disaster,
Or else he would not send so thick: well, bring him in;
I am prepar'd to hear the worst of evils.
Enter Solyman and two Captains.
Capt. kisses his hand.
King. What is the Prince besieged in his Trenches,
And must have speedy aid, or die by Famine?
Or hath he rashly try'd the chance of War,
And lost his Army, or his Liberty?
Tell me what Province they demand for ransom:
Or if the worst of all mishaps hath fallen,
Speak, for he could not dye unlike himself:
Speak freely; and yet methinks I read
Something of better fortune in thy looks,
But dare not hope it.

Capt.

Capt. Sir, the Prince lives.
King. And hath not loſt his honour?
Capt. As ſafe in honour as in life.
King. Nor liberty?
Capt. Free as the air he breathes.
King. Return with ſpeed:
Tell him he ſhall have money, victuals, men,
With all the haſte they can be levied. Farewel.
Offers to go.
Capt. But Sir, I have one word more.
King. Then be brief.
Capt. So now you are prepar'd; and I may (venture.
King. What is't? (care.
Capt. Sir, a Fathers love mixt with a Fathers
This ſhewing dangers greater, and that nearer,
Have rais'd your fears too high; and thoſe re- (mov'd,
Too ſuddenly would let in ſuch a deluge
Of joy, as might oppreſs your aged ſpirits,
Which made me gently firſt remove your fears,
That ſo you might have room to entertain
Your full of joy: Your Son's a Conquerour.
King. Delude me not with fained hopes, falſe
It cannot be. And if he can but make (joys,
A fair Retreat, I ſhall account it more (bers
Than all his former conqueſts, (thoſe huge num-
Arm'd with deſpair) the flow'r of all the Empire.
Capt. Sir, I have not us'd to tell you tales or fa-
bles,
And why ſhould you ſuſpect your happineſs,
Being ſo conſtant. On my life 'tis true Sir.

King.

King. Well, I'le no more ſuſpect
My fortune, nor thy faith:
Thou and thy news moſt welcom: *Solyman*
Go call the *Princeſs* and the *Lords*, they ſhall
Participate our joys, as well as cares.

Enter Princeſs and Lords.

King. Fair daughter, blow away thoſe miſts & clouds,
And let thy eyes ſhine forth in their full luſtre;
Inveſt them with thy loveliest ſmiles, put on
Thy choiceſt looks: his coming will deſerve them.

Princeſs. What, is the Prince returned with ſafety?
'Tis beyond belief or hope.

King. I, ſweet *Erythæa*;
Laden with ſpoils and honour: all thy fears,
Thy wakeful terrors, and affrighting dreams,
Thy morning ſighs, and evening tears have now
Their full rewards. And you my Lords,
Prepare for Maſques and Triumphs: Let no cir-
Be wanting, that becomes cumſtance
The greatneſs of our State, or Joy.
Behold he comes.

Enter Prince with Captains, and two Captive Baſhawes.

King. Welcom brave Son, as welcom to thy father
As *Phœbus* was to *Jove*, when he had ſlain
Th'ambitious Giants that aſſail'd the ſky;
And as my power reſembles that of *Joves*,
So ſhall thy glory like high *Phœbus* ſhine
As bright and as immortal.

Prince.

Prince. Great Sir, all acquiſition
Of Glory as of Empire, here I lay before
Your Royal feet, happy to be the inſtrument
To advance either: Sir I challenge nothing,
But am an humble ſuitor for theſe priſoners,
The late Commanders of the Turkiſh powers,
Whoſe valours have deſerv'd a better fortune.

King. Then what hath thine deſerv'd? th'are thine brave *Mirza*,
Worthy of all thy Royal Anceſtors, (tue,
And all thoſe many Kingdoms, which their ver-
Or got, or kept, though thou hadſt not been born to't.
But daughter ſtill your looks are ſad,
No longer I'le defer your joys, go take him
Into thy chaſt embrace, and whiſper to him
That welcom which thoſe bluſhes promiſe.

Exit King.

Prince. My *Erythæa*, why entertain'ſt thou with ſo ſad a brow
My long deſir'd return? thou waſt wont
With kiſſes and ſweet ſmiles, to welcom home
My victories, though bought with ſweat and
And long expected. (bloud;

Princeſs. Pardon Sir;
'Tis with our ſouls
As with our eyes, that after a long darkneſs
Are dazled at the approach of ſudden light:
When i'th' midſt of fears we are ſurpriz'd
With vnexpected happineſs: the firſt
Degrees of joy are meer aſtoniſhment. And

And 'twas so lately in a dreadful dream
I saw my Lord so near destruction,
Deprived of his eyes, a wretched Captive;
Then shriekt my self awake, then slept again
And dream't the same; my ill presaging fancy
Suggesting still 'twas true.

Prince. Then I forgive thy sadness, since love caus'd it,
For love is full of fears; and fear the shadow
Of danger, like the shadow of our bodies,
Is greater then, when that which is the cause
Is fartheſt off.

Princeſs. But still there's something
That checks my joys,
Nor can I yet distinguish
Which is an apparition, this, or that.

Prince. An apparition?
At night I shall resolve that doubt, and make
Thy dreams more pleasing. *Exeunt.*

Enter Haly and Mirvan.

Mir. The time has been, my Lord,
When I was no such stranger to your thoughts,
You were not wont to wear upon your brow
A frown or smile, but still have thought me worthy,
At least to know the cause.

Ha. 'Tis true,
Thy breast hath ever been the Cabinet
Where I have lockt my secrets.

Mir. And did you ever find

That

That any art could pick the lock, or power
Could force it open.
Ha. No, I have ever found thee
Truſty and ſecret. But is't obſerv'd i'th' Court
That I am ſad? (courſe,
Mir. Obſerv'd? 'tis all mens wonder and diſ-
That in a Joy ſo great, ſo univerſal,
You ſhould not bear a part.
Ha. Diſcour'ſt of too?
Mir. Nothing but treaſon
More commonly, more boldly ſpoken.
So ſingular a ſadneſs
Muſt have a cauſe as ſtrange as the effect:
And grief conceal'd, like hidden fire conſumes;
Which flaming out, would call in help to quench (it.
Ha. But ſince thou canſt not mend it,
To let thee know it, will but make thee worſe;
Silence and time ſhall cure it.
Mir. But in diſeaſes when the cauſe is known,
'Tis more than half the cure: you have my Lord
My heart to counſel, and my hands to act,
And my advice and actions both have met
Succeſs in things unlikely.
Ha. But this
Is ſuch a ſecret, I dare hardly truſt it
To my own Soul. And though it be a crime
In friendſhip to betray a truſted Counſel,
Yet to conceal this were a greater crime,
And of a higher nature. *Mir.* Now I know it,
And your endeavour to conceal it,

Speaks

Speaks it more plainly. 'Tis ſome plot upon the Prince. (ſearcht it,

Ha. Oh thou haſt touch't my Sore, and having Now heal it if thou canſt: The Prince hates me, Or loves me not, or loves another better; Which is all one. This being known in Court, Has rendred me deſpis'd, and ſcorn'd of all: For I that in his abſence Blaz'd like a ſtar of the firſt magnitude, Now in his brighter ſun-ſhine am not ſeen: No applications now, no troops of ſuitors; No power, no not ſo much as to do miſchief.

Mir. My Lord, I am aſham'd of you, So ill a maſter in an art, ſo long Profeſt, and practis'd by you, to be angry, And angry with a Prince. And yet to ſhew it In a ſad look, or womaniſh complaint: How can you hope to compaſs your deſigns, And not diſſemble 'em? Go flatter and adore him, Stand firſt among the crowd of his admirers.

Ha. Oh I have often ſpread thoſe nets, but he Hath ever been too wiſe to think them real.

Mir. However, Diſſemble ſtill, thank him for all his injuries; Take 'em for favours; if at laſt (ſon You cannot gain him, ſome pretty nimble poy- May do the feat. Or if he will abroad, Find him ſome brave and honourable danger.

Ha. Have I not found him out as many dangers As *Juno* did for *Hercules*? yet he returns

Like

Like *Hercules*, doubled in ſtrength and honour.

Mir. If danger cannot do it, then try pleaſure,
Which when no other enemy ſurvives,
Still conquers all the Conquerers. Endeavour
To ſoften his ambition into luſt,
Contrive fit opportunities, and lay
Baits for temptation.

Ha. I'le leave nothing unattempted:
But ſure this will not take; for all his Paſſions,
Affections, and Faculties are ſlaves
Only to his ambition.

Mir. Then let him fall by his own greatneſs,
And puffe him up with glory, till it ſwell
And break him. Firſt, betray him to himſelf,
Then to his ruine: From his virtues ſuck a poyſon,
As Spiders do from flowers; praiſe him to his Father,
You know his nature: Let the Princes glory
Seem to eclipſe, and caſt a cloud on his; ſie:
And let fall ſomething that may raiſe his jealou-
But leſt he ſhould ſuſpect it, draw it from him
As Fiſhers do the bait, to make him follow it.

Ha. But the old King is ſo ſuſpicious.

Mir. But withal
Moſt fearful: He that views a Fort to take it,
Plants his Artillery 'gainſt the weakeſt part:
Work on his fears, till fear hath made him cruel;
And cruelty ſhall make him fear again.
Methinks (my Lord) you that ſo oft have ſounded
And fathom'd all his thoughts, that know the deeps

And shallows of his heart, should need no instruments
To advance your ends; his passions, and his fears
Lie Liegers for you in his breast, and there
Negotiate your affairs.

Enter King, Solyman, and Lords to them.

King. Solyman, Be it your care to entertain the Captains,
And the Prisoners, and use them kindly.

Sol. Sir, I am not for entertainments now I am melancholy.

King. What, griev'd for your good fortune?

Sol. No Sir, but now the wars are done, we have no pretences
To put off Creditors: I am haunted Sir.

King. Not with Ghosts?

Sol. No Sir,
Material and Substantial Devils. (them?

King. I know the cause, what is't thou ow'st

Sol. Not much Sir, but so much as spoils me for a good fellow;
'Tis but 2000 Dollars. A small sum--- to you Sir.

King. Well, it shall be paid.

Sol. Then if the Devil come, for drinking let me alone with him.
Well, Drink, I love thee but too well already,
But I shall love thee better hereafter: I have often
Drunk my self into debt, but never out of debt till now. *Exeunt.*

Finis Actus primi.

Actus

Actus Secundus.

Scena Prima.

Enter *Prince*, *Haly*, *Captains* and *Priſoners*, *Baſhaws*.

Prince. Pray let theſe ſtrangers find ſuch enter-
As you would have deſir'd, (tainment
Had but the chance of war determin'd it
For them, as now for us. And you brave enemies
Forget your Nation, and ungrateful Maſter;
And know that I can ſet ſo high a price
On valour, though in foes, as to reward it
With truſt and honour.

1 *Baſhaw*. Sir, your twice conquered Vaſſals,
Firſt by your courage, then your clemency,
Here humbly vow to ſacrifice their lives,
(The gift of this your unexampled mercy)
To your commands and ſervice.

Prince to Haly. I pray (my Lord) ſecond my ſuit,
I have already mov'd the King in private,
That in our next years expedition they may have
Some command.

Ha. I ſhall, my Lord,
And glad of the occaſion. *Aſide.*

I wonder Sir, you'l leave the Court, the ſphere
Where all your graces in full luſtre ſhine.
Prince. I *Haly*, but the reputation
Of virtuous actions paſt, if not kept up
With an acceſs, and freſh ſupply of new ones,
Is loſt and ſoon forgotten: and like Palaces,
For want of habitation and repair,
Diſſolve to heaps of ruine.
Ha. But can you leave, Sir,
Your old indulgent Father, and forſake
The embraces of ſo fair, ſo chaſte a Wife?
And all the beauties of the Court beſides,
Are mad in love, and dote upon your perſon:
And is't not better ſleeping in their arms,
Than in a cold Pavilion in the Camp?
Where your ſhort ſleeps are broke and inter-
With noiſes and alarms. (rupted
Prince. *Haly*, Thou know'ſt not me, how I
deſpiſe
Theſe ſhort and empty pleaſures; and how low
They ſtand in my eſteem, which every Peaſant,
The meaneſt Subject in my Fathers Empire
Enjoys as fully, in as high perfection
As he or I; and which are had in common
By beaſts as well as men: wherein they equal,
If not exceed us; pleaſures to which we're led
Only by ſenſe, thoſe creatures which have leaſt
Of reaſon, moſt enjoy.
Ha. Is not (nough
The Empire you are born to, a Scene large e-

To

To exerciſe your virtues? There are virtues
Civil as well as military; for the one (ready:
You have given the world an ample proof al-
Now exerciſe the other, 'tis no leſs
To govern juſtly, make your Empire flouriſh
With wholſom laws, in riches, peace and plenty,
Than by the expence of wealth and blood to
New acquiſitions. (make

Prince. That I was born ſo great, I owe to
Fortune,
And cannot pay that debt, till vertue ſet me
High in example, as I ſtand in title; (ons
Till what the world calls fortune's gifts, my acti-
May ſtile their own rewards, and thoſe too little.
Princes are then themſelves, when they ariſe
More glorious in mens thoughts than in their

Ha. Sir, your fame (eyes.
Already fills the world, and what is infinite
Cannot receive degrees, but will ſwallow
All that is added; as our Caſpian Sea
Receives our Rivers, and yet ſeems not fuller:
And if you tempt her more, the wind of fortune
May come about, and take another point
And blaſt your glories.

Prince. No,
My glories are paſt danger, they'r full blown:
Things that are blaſted, are but in their bud;
And as for fortune, I nor love, nor fear her:
I am reſolv'd, go *Haly*, flatter ſtill your aged Ma-
ſter,

Still ſooth him in his pleaſures, and ſtill grow
Great by thoſe arts.
Well, farewel Court,
Where vice not only hath uſurp't the place,
But the reward, and even the name of vertue.
Ha. Still, ſtill,
Slighted and ſcorn'd; yet this affront
Hath ſtampt a noble title on my malice,
And married it to Juſtice. The King is old,
And when the Prince ſucceeds,
I'm loſt paſt all recovery: then I
Muſt meet my danger, and deſtroy him firſt;
But cunningly, or cloſely, or his ſon
And wife, like a fierce Tygreſs will devour me.
There's danger every way; and ſince 'tis ſo,
'Tis brave, and noble, when the falling weight
Of my own ruine cruſhes thoſe I hate:
But how to do it, that's the work, he ſtands
So high in reputation with the people,
There's but one way, and that's to make his Father
The inſtrument, to give the name, and envy
To him; but to my ſelf the prize and glory.
He's old [and jealous, apt for ſuſpicions, 'gainſt which Tyrants ears
Are never clos'd. The Prince is young,
Fierce, and ambitious, I muſt bring together
All theſe extreams; and then remove all mediums,
That each may be the others object.

Enter Mirvan.

Mir. My Lord,
Now if your plots be ripe, you are befriended
With opportunity; the King is melancholy,
Apted for any ill impreſſions.
Make an advantage of the Princes abſence,
Urge ſome ſuſpected cauſe of his departure,
Uſe all your art: he's coming. *Exit Mir.*

Enter King.

Ha. Sir, have you known an action of ſuch glory
Leſs ſwell'd with oſtentation, or a mind
Leſs tainted with felicity? 'tis a rare temper in the Prince.

King. Is it ſo rare to ſee a Son ſo like
His Father? Have not I performed actions
As great, and with as great a moderation?

Ha. I Sir, but that's forgotten.
Actions o'th' laſt Age are like Almanacks o'th' laſt year.

King. 'Tis well; but with all his conqueſts, what I get in Empire
I loſe in fame: I think my ſelf no gainer.
But am I quite forgotten?

Ha. Sir, you know
Age breeds neglect in all, and actions
Remote in time, like objects
Remote in place, are not beheld at half their greatneſs;
And what is new finds better acceptation,

Than what is good or great: yet ſome old men
Tell Stories of you in their chimney corners.
King. No otherwiſe.
Ha. They're all ſo full of him: ſome magnifie
His courage, ſome his wit, but all admire
A greatneſs ſo familiar.
King. Sure *Haly*
Thou haſt forgot thy ſelf: art thou a Courtier,
Or I a King? my ears are unacquainted
With ſuch bold truths; eſpecially from thee.
Ha. Sir, when I am call'd to't, I muſt ſpeak
Boldly and plainly.
King. But with what eagerneſs, what circumſtance,
Unaskt, thou tak'ſt ſuch pains to tell me only
My Son's the better man.
Ha. Sir, where Subjects want the priviledge
To ſpeak; there Kings may have the priviledge
To live in ignorance.
King. If 'twere a ſecret that concern'd my life
Or Empire, then this boldneſs might become thee;
But ſuch unneceſſary rudeneſs ſavours
Of ſome deſign.
And this is ſuch a falſe and ſquint-eyed praiſe,
Which ſeeming to look upwards on his glories,
Looks down upon my fears; I know thou hat'ſt him;
And like infected perſons fain would'ſt rub
The ulcer of thy malice upon me.

Ha. Sir, I almoſt believe you ſpeak your thoughts,
But that I want the guilt to make me fear it.
King. What mean theſe guilty bluſhes then?
Ha. Sir, if I bluſh, it is becauſe you do not,
To upbraid ſo try'd a ſervant, that ſo often
Have wak'd that you might ſleep; and been expos'd
To dangers for your ſafety.
King. And therefore think'ſt
Thou art ſo wrapt, ſo woven into all
My truſts and counſels, that I now muſt ſuffer
All thy Ambition aims at.
Ha. Sir, if your love grows weary,
And thinks you have worn me long enough, I'm willing
To be left off; but he's a fooliſh Sea-man,
That when his Ship is ſinking, will not
Unlade his hopes into another bottom.
King. I underſtand no Allegories.
Ha. And he's as ill a Courtier, that when
His Maſter's old, deſires not to comply
With him that muſt ſucceed. *King.* But if
He will not be comply'd with? *Ha.* Oh Sir,
There's one ſure way, and I have known it practis'd
In other States. *King.* What's that?
Ha. To make
The Fathers life the price of the ſons favour,
To walk upon the graves of our dead Maſters

To

To our own ſecurity. *King ſtarts and ſcratches his head.*

Ha. aſide. 'Tis this muſt take: Does this plainneſs pleaſe you Sir?

King. Haly, thou know'ſt my nature, too too apt
To theſe ſuſpicions; but I hope the queſtion
Was never mov'd to thee?

Ha. In other Kingdoms, Sir.

King. But has my Son no ſuch deſign?

Ha. Alas,
You know I hate him; and ſhould I tell you
He had, you'd ſay it was but malice.

King. No more of that good *Haly*, I know thou lov'ſt me:
But leſt the care of future ſafety tempt thee
To forfeit preſent loyalty; or preſent loyalty
Forfeit thy future ſafety,
I'le be your reconciler: call him hither.

Ha. Oh Sir, I wiſh he were within my call, or yours.

King. Why, where is he?

Ha. He has left the Court, Sir.

King. I like not theſe Excurſions, why ſo ſuddenly?

Ha. 'Tis but a ſally of youth, yet ſome ſay he's diſcontented.

King. That grates my heart-ſtrings. What ſhould diſcontent him?
Except he think I live too long.

Ha. Heaven forbid:
And yet I know no cauſe of his departure;
I'm ſure he's honoured, and lov'd by all;
The Souldiers god, the Peoples Idol. *King.* I, *Haly*,
The Perſians ſtill worſhip the riſing ſun.
But who went with him? *Ha.* None but the Captains.
King. The Captains? I like not that.
Ha. Never fear it, Sir:
'Tis true, they love him but as their General, not their Prince.
And though he be moſt forward and ambitious,
'Tis temper'd with ſo much humility.
King. And ſo much the more dangerous;
There are ſome that uſe
Humility to ſerve their pride, and ſeem
Humble upon their way, to be the prouder
At their wiſht journies end.
Ha. Sir, I know not
What ways or ends you mean; 'tis true
In popular States, or where the Princes Title
Is weak, and muſt be propt by the peoples power;
There by familiar ways 'tis neceſſary
To win on mens affections. But none of theſe
Can be his end.
King. But there's another end.
For if his glories riſe upon the ruines
Of mine, why not his greatneſs too?
Ha. True Sir,
Ambition is like love, impatient

Both

Both of delays and rivals. But Nature.----

King. But Empire.——

Ha. I had almoſt forgot Sir, he has
A ſuit to your Majeſty. *King.* What is't?

Ha. To give the Turkiſh priſoners ſome com-
In the next action. (mand

King. Nay, then 'tis too apparent,
He fears my Subjects loyalty, (plainly,
And now muſt call in ſtrangers; come deal
I know thou canſt diſcover more.

Ha. I can diſcover (Sir) (gers.
The depth of your great judgment in ſuch dan-

King. What ſhall I do *Haly*?

Ha. Your wiſdom is ſo great, it were pre-
ſumption for me to adviſe.

King. Well, we'll conſider more of that, but
for the preſent (thank thee
Let him with ſpeed be ſent for. *Mahomet*, I
I have one faithful ſervant, honeſt *Haly*.

Exit King.

Enter Mirvan.

Mir. How did he take it?

Ha. Swallow'd it as greedily
As parched earth drinks rain.
Now the firſt part of our deſign is over,
His ruine; but the ſecond, our ſecurity,
Muſt now be thought on. (his fury

Mir. My Lord, you are too ſudden; though
Determine raſhly, yet his colder fear
Before it executes, conſults with reaſon,

And

And that not ſatisfied with ſhews, or ſhadows,
Will ask to be convinc'd by ſomething real;
Now muſt we frame ſome plot, and then diſcover it.

Ha. Or intercept ſome Letter, which our ſelves
Had forg'd before.

Mir. And ſtill admire the miracle,
And thank the providence.

Ha. Then we muſt draw in ſomebody
To be the publick Agent, that may ſtand
'Twixt us and danger, and the peoples envy.

Mir. Who fitter than the grand *Caliph*?
And he will ſet a grave religious face
Upon the buſineſs.

Ha. But if we cannot work him,
For he's ſo full of fooliſh ſcruples;
Or if he ſhould prove falſe, and then betray us.

Mir. Betray us? ſure (my Lord) your fear has blinded
Your underſtanding; for what ſerves the King?
Will not his threats work more than our perſwaſions,
While we look on, and laugh, and ſeem as ignorant
As unconcern'd; and thus appearing friends
To either ſide, on both may work our ends.

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My Lord, the Turkiſh *Baſhaws*
Deſire acceſs.

Ha. Admit 'em, I know their buſineſs.

Mir.

Mir. They long to hear with what ſucceſs
The King in their behalf. (you mov'd
Ha. But now they'r come, I'le make 'em do my
Better than I did theirs. (buſineſs
Mir. Leave us a while. *Ex. Mir.*

Enter two Baſhaws.

Ha. My Lords, my duty and affection to the Prince,
And the reſpects I owe to men of honour,
Extort a ſecret from me, which yet I grieve to utter:
The Prince departing, left to me the care
Of your affairs, which I, as he commanded,
Have recommended to the King, but with ſo
A ſucceſs—— (unlookt for
1 *Baſ.* My Lord, fear not to ſpeak our doom, while we
Fear not to hear it: we were loſt before,
And can be ready now to meet that fate
We then expected.
Ha. Though he that brings unwelcom news
Has but a loſing office, yet he that ſhews
Your danger firſt, and then your way to ſafety,
May heal that wound he made. You know the King
With jealous eyes hath ever lookt awry
On his Sons actions, but the fame and glory
Of the laſt war hath rais'd another ſpirit;
Envy and Jealouſie are twin'd together,
Yet both lay hid in his diſſembled ſmiles,

Like

Like two concealed ſerpents, till I, unhappy I,
Moving this queſtion, trod upon them both,
And rouz'd their ſleeping angers; then caſting from him
His doubts, and ſtraight confirm'd in all his fears,
Decrees to you a ſpeedy death, to his own ſon
A cloſe reſtraint: but what will follow
I dare not think; you by a ſudden flight may find your ſafety.

2 *Baſ.* Sir, Death and we are not ſuch ſtrangers,
That we ſhould make diſhonour, or ingratitude
The price of life; it was the Princes gift,
And we but wear it for his ſake and ſervice.

Ha. Then for his ſake and ſervice
Pray follow my advice: though you have loſt the favour
Of your unworthy Maſter; yet in the Provinces
You lately governed, you have thoſe dependences
And intereſts, that you may raiſe a power
To ſerve the Prince: I'le give him timely notice
To ſtand upon his guard.

1 *Baſ.* My Lord, we thank you,
But we muſt give the Prince intelligence,
Both when, and how to imploy us.

Ha. If you will write,
Commit it to my care and ſecrecy,
To ſee it ſafe convey'd.

2 *Baſ.* We ſhall my Lord. *Ex.*

Ha. Theſe men were once the Princes foes, and then Un-

Unwillingly they made him great: but now
Being his friends, ſhall willingly undo him;
And which is more, be ſtill his friends.
What little Arts govern the world! we need not
An armed enemy, or corrupted friend;
When ſervice but miſplac'd, or love miſtaken
Performs the work: nor is this all the uſe
I'le make of them; when once they are in Arms,
Their Maſter ſhall be wrought to think theſe forces
Rais'd againſt him; and this ſhall ſo endear me
To him, that though dull vertue and the gods
O'recome my ſubtle miſchief, I may find
A ſafe retreat, and may at leaſt be ſure,
If not more mighty, to be more ſecure. *Exeunt.*

Finis Actus Secundi.

Actus

Actus Tertius.

Scena Prima.

Enter King *and* Haly.

King. But *Haly*, what confederates ha's the Prince
In his conſpiracy?
Ha. Sir, I can yet ſuſpect
None but the Turkiſh priſoners, and that only
From their late ſudden flight.
King. Are they fled? For what?
Ha. That, their own fears beſt know; their entertainment
I'm ſure was ſuch as could not miniſter
Suſpicion or diſlike: but ſure they're conſcious
Of ſome intended miſchief, and are fled
To put it into act.
King. This ſtill confirms me more;
But let 'em be purſu'd: let all the paſſages
Be well ſecur'd, that no intelligence
May paſs between the Prince and them.
Ha. It ſhall be done, Sir.
King. Is the *Caliph* prepar'd?

Ha. He's without, Sir,
And waits your pleasure.

King. Call him.

Enter Haly *and* Caliph.

King. I have a great design to act, in which
The greatest part is thine. In brief 'tis this,
I fear my Sons high spirit; and suspect
Designs upon my Life and Crown.

Ca. Sure, Sir, your fears are causeless;
Such thoughts are strangers to his noble soul.

King. No, 'tis too true; I must prevent my danger,
And make the first attempt: there's no such way
To avoid a blow, as to strike first, and sure.

Ca. But, Sir, I hope my function shall exempt me
From bearing any part in such designs.

King. Your function! [*Laughs*] Do you think that Princes
Will raise such men so near themselves for nothing?
We but advance you to advance our purposes:
Nay, even in all Religions,
Their Learned'st, and their seeming holiest men, but serve
To work their Masters ends; and varnish o're
Their actions, with some specious pious colour:
No scruples; do't, or by our holy Prophet,
The death my rage intends to him, is thine.

Ca. Sir, 'tis your part to will, mine to obey.

King. Then be wise and sudden.

Enter

Enter Lords as to Council. Ab. Mor.

Ca. My Lords, it grieves me to relate the cauſe
Of this Aſſembly; and 'twill grieve you all:
The Prince you know ſtands high in all thoſe graces
Which Nature, ſeconded by fortune, gives:
Wiſdom he ha's, and to his Wiſdom Courage;
Temper to that, and unto all Succeſs. But
Ambition, the diſeaſe of Virtue, bred
Like ſurfeits from an undigeſted fulneſs,
Meets death in that which is the means of life.
Great *Mahomet*, to whom our Soveraigns life,
And Empire is moſt dear, appearing, thus
Adviſ'd me in a Viſion; Tell the King,
The Prince his Son attempts his Life & Crown;
And though no creature lives that more admires
His virtues, nor affects his perſon more
Than I; yet zeal and duty to my Soveraign
Have cancell'd all reſpects; nor muſt we ſlight
The Prophets Revelations.

Abd. Remember, Sir, he is your Son,
Indeared to you by a double bond,
As to his King, and Father.

King. And the remembrance of that double bond
Doubles my ſorrows. 'Tis true,
Nature and duty bind him to obedience;
But thoſe being placed in a lower ſphere,
His fierce ambition, like the higheſt mover,
Has hurried with a ſtrong impulſive motion
Againſt their proper courſe. But ſince he has for-

The duty of a ſon, I can forget
The affections of a Father.
Abd. But, Sir, in the beginning of diſeaſes
None try the extreameſt remedies.
King. But when they're ſudden,
The cure muſt be as quick; when I'm dead, you'l ſay,
My fears have been too ſlow: Treaſons are acted,
Aſſoon as thought, though they are ne're believed
Until they come to act.
Mor. But conſider, Sir,
The greatneſs of the attempt, the people love him;
The lookers on, and the enquiring vulgar
Will talk themſelves to action: thus by avoiding
A danger but ſuppos'd, you tempt a real one.
King. Thoſe Kings whom envy, or the peoples murmur
Deters from their own purpoſes, deſerve not
Nor know not their own greatneſs;
The peoples murmur, 'tis a ſulphurous vapour
Breath'd from the bowels of the baſeſt earth;
And it may ſoil, and blaſt things near it ſelf:
But e're it reach the region we are plac'd in,
It vaniſhes to air; we are above
The ſenſe or danger of ſuch ſtorms.
Cap. True Sir, they are but ſtorms while Royalty Stands

Stands like a Rock, and the tumultuous vulgar,
Like billows rais'd with wind, (that's with opinion)
May roar and make a noiſe, and threaten;
But if they rowl too near, they're daſh't in pieces
While they ſtand firm.

Abd. Yet Sir, Crowns are not plac'd ſo high,
But vulgar hands may reach 'em.

King. Then 'tis when they are plac'd on vulgar heads.

Abd. But Sir,
Look back upon your ſelf; why ſhould your ſon
Anticipate a hope ſo near, ſo certain? we may wiſh and pray
For your long life: but neither prayers nor power
Can alter Fates Decree, or Natures Law.
Why ſhould he raviſh then that Diadem
From your gray temples, which the hand of time
Muſt ſhortly plant on his?

King. My Lords,
I ſee you look upon me as a Sun
Now in his Weſt, half buried in a cloud,
Whoſe rays the vapours of approaching night
Have rendred weak and faint: But you ſhall find
That I can yet ſhoot beams, whoſe heat can melt
The waxen wings of this ambitious Boy.

Nor runs my blood ſo cold, nor is my arm
So feeble yet, but he that dares defend him,
Shall feel my vengeance, and ſhall uſher me
Into my grave.

Ab. Sir, we defend him not,
Only deſire to know his crime: 'Tis poſſible
It may be ſome miſtake, or miſ-report,
Some falſe ſuggeſtion, or malicious ſcandal:
Or if ambition be his fault, 'twas yours;
He had it from you when he had his being:
Nor was't his fault, nor yours, for 'tis in Princes
A crime to want it; from a noble ſpirit
Ambition can no more be ſeparated,
Than heat from fire: Or if you fear the Viſion,
Will you ſuſpect the noble Prince, becauſe
This holy man is troubled in his ſleep?
Becauſe his crazy ſtomach wants concoction,
And breeds ill fumes; or his melancholy ſpleen
Sends up phantaſtick vapours to his brain:
Dreams are but dreams, theſe cauſleſs fears become not
Your noble ſoul.

King. Who ſpeaks another word
Hath ſpoke his laſt: Great *Mahomet* we thank thee,
Protector of this Empire, and this life,
Thy cares have met my fears; this on preſumptions
Strong and apparent, I have long preſag'd:
And though a Prince may puniſh what he fears,
Without

Without account to any but the Gods;
Wise States as often cut off ills that may be,
As those that are; and prevent purposes
Before they come to practcie; and foul practices
Before they grow to act. You cannot but observe
How he dislikes the Court, his rude departure,
His honour from the people and the souldiers,
His seeking to oblige the Turks, his Prisoners,
Their sudden and suspected flight:
And above all, his restless towring thoughts.

King. If the business be important,
Admit him.

Enter Messenger with a Letter.

Mess. Sir, upon your late command
To guard the passages, and search all packets,
This to the Prince was intercepted.

King opens it, and reads it to himself.

King. Here *Abdal*, read it. *Abdal reads.*

The Letter.

Abd. reads. Sir, we are assured how unnatural your fathers intentions
Are towards you, and how cruel towards us; we have
Made an escape, not so much to seek our own,
As to be instruments of your safety: We will be
In arms upon the borders, upon your command,
Either to seek danger with you, or to receive you
If you please, to seek safety with us.

King. Now my Lords,
Alas my fears are cauſleſs, and ungrounded,
Fantaſtick dreams, and melancholick fumes
Of crazy ſtomachs, and diſtempered brains:
Has this convinc'd you?

Mor. Sir, we ſee
Some reaſon you ſhould fear, but whom, we know not;
'Tis poſſible theſe Turks may play the Villains,
Knowing the Prince, the life of all our hopes,
Staff of our Age, and pillar of our Empire;
And having fail'd by force, may uſe this Art
To ruine him, and by their treaſon here
To make their peace at home.
Now ſhould this prove a truth, when he ha's ſuffered
Death, or diſgrace, which are to him the ſame;
'Twill be too late to ſay you were miſtaken;
And then to cry him mercy: Sir, we beſeech you
A while ſuſpend your doom, till time produce
Her wonted off-ſpring, Truth.

King. And ſo expecting
The event of what you think, ſhall prove the experiment
Of what I fear; but ſince he is my ſon,
I cannot have ſuch violent thoughts toward him,
As his towards me: he only ſhall remain
A priſoner till his death or mine enlarge him.

Ex. Lords. *Mor. Haly.*

Solyman

Solyman peeps in.

King. Away, away, we're ſerious.

Sol. But not ſo ſerious to neglect your ſafety.

King. Art thou in earneſt?

Sol. Nay Sir, I can be ſerious as well as my betters.

King. What's the matter?

Sol. No, I am an inconſiderable fellow, and know nothing.

King. Let's hear that nothing then.

Sol. The Turks, Sir.

King. What of them?

Sol. When they could not overcome you by force, they'll
Do it by treachery.

King. As how?

Sol. Nay I can ſee as far into a milſtone, as another man.
They have corrupted ſome ill-affected perſons.

King. What to do?

Sol. To nouriſh Jealouſies 'twixt you and your Son.

King. My Son! Where is he?

Sol. They ſay he's poſting hither.

King. *Haly*, we are betrayed, prevented, look to the Ports, and let
The Guards be doubled: how far's his Army hence?
Is the City in arms to join with him?

Sol. Arms? and join with him? I underſtand you not.

King.

King. Didſt thou not ſay the Prince was coming?

Sol. I heard ſome fooliſh people ſay you had ſent for
Him, as a Traytor, which to my apprehenſion was on
Purpoſe ſpoken to make you odious, and him deſperate;
And ſo divide the people into faction. A Plot of
Dangerous conſequence, as I take it, Sir.

King. And is this all, thou ſawcy trifling fool?

Haly. Sir, this ſeeming fool is a concealed dangerous knave; (do
Under their ſafe diſguiſe he thinks he may ſay or
Any thing: you'l little think him the chief conſpirator,
The only ſpy t'inform the Prince of all is done in Court.

King. Let him be rack't, till he confeſs
The whole conſpiracy.

Sol. Rack't! I have told you all I know, and more;
There's nothing more in me, Sir, but may be ſqueezed
Out without racking, only a ſtoop or two of Wine;
And if there had not been too much of that, you had
Not had ſo much of the other.

King. That's your cunning, ſirrah.

Sol.

Sol. Cunning, Sir! I am no Politician; and was ever thought to have
Too little wit, and too much plain dealing for a States-man. *Exit.*

King. Away with him.

Ha. But ſomething muſt be done, Sir, to ſatisfie the people:
'Tis not enough to ſay he did deſign,
Or plot, or think, but did attempt ſome violence;
And then ſome ſtrange miraculous eſcape:
For which our Prophet muſt have publick thanks:
And this falſe colour ſhall delude the eyes
Of the amuſed vulgar.

King. 'Tis well adviſ'd.

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Sir, His Highneſs is return'd.

King. And unconſtrain'd? But with what change of countenance
Did he receive the meſſage?

Meſſ. With ſome amazement;
But ſuch as ſprung from wonder, not from fear:
It was ſo unexpected.

King. Leave us.
Haly, I ever found thee honeſt; truer to me
Than mine own blood, and now's the time to ſhew it:
For thou art he my love and truſt hath choſen
To put in action my deſign: ſurprize him

As

As he ſhall paſs the Galleries. I'le place
A guard behind the Arras; when thou haſt him,
Since blinded with ambition, he did ſoar
Like a ſeel'd Dove; his crime ſhall be his puniſhment
To be depriv'd of ſight, which ſee perform'd
With a hot ſteel: Now as thou lov'ſt my ſafety
Be reſolute, and ſudden.

Ha. 'Tis ſevere;
But yet I dare not intercede, it ſhall be done:
But is that word irrevocable?

King. I, as years, or ages paſt; relent not, if thou do'ſt—— *Exit King.*

Enter Mirvan.

Mir. Why ſo melancholy? is the deſign diſcovered?

Ha. No, but I am made the inſtrument,
That ſtill endeavoured to diſguiſe my plots
With borrowed looks, and make 'em walk in darkneſs,
To act 'em now my ſelf; be made the mark
For all the peoples hate, the Princeſs curſes,
And his ſons rage, or the old Kings inconſtancy.
For this to Tyranny belongs,
To forget ſervice, but remember wrongs.

Mir. But could not you contrive
Some fine pretence to caſt it on ſome other?

Ha. No, he dare truſt no other: had I given
But the leaſt touch of any private quarrel,
My malice to his ſon, not care of him,

Had

Had then begot this ſervice.

Mir. 'Tis but t'other plot, my Lord; you know
The King by other wives had many ſons:
Soffy is but a Child, and you already (me
Command the Emperours Guard; procure for
The Government o'th' City; when he dies,
Urge how unfortunate thoſe States have been
Whoſe Princes are but Children: then ſet the Crown
Upon ſome others head, that may acknowledge
And owe the Empire to your gift.

Ha. It ſhall be done; *Abdal*, who commands
The City, is the Princes friend, and therefore
Muſt be diſplac'd, and thou ſhalt ſtraight ſucceed him.
Thou art my better Genius, honeſt *Mirvan*;
Greatneſs we owe to Fortune, or to Fate;
But wiſdom only can ſecure that ſtate. *Ex.*

Enter Prince at one door, and Princeſs at another.

Princeſs. You're double welcom now (my Lord) your coming
Was ſo unlookt for.

Prince. To me I'm ſure it was;
Know'ſt thou the cauſe? for ſure it was important,
That calls me back ſo ſuddenly.

Princeſs. I am ſo ignorant,
I knew not you were ſent for.
Waking I know no cauſe, but in my ſleep
My fancy ſtill preſents ſuch dreams and terrors,

As

As did *Andromache's* the night before
Her *Hector* fell; but ſure 'tis more than fancy.
Either our Guardian Angels, or the Gods
Inſpire us, or ſome natural inſtinct
Fore-tells approaching dangers.

Prince. How does my Father?

Princeſs. Still talks and plays with *Fatyma*, but his mirth
Is forc'd and ſtrain'd: In his look appears
A wild diſtracted fierceneſs; I can read
Some dreadful purpoſe in his face; but where
This diſmal cloud will break, and ſpend his fury,
I dare not think: pray Heaven make falſe his fears.
Sometimes his anger breaks through all diſguiſes,
And ſpares not gods, nor men; and then he ſeems
Jealous of all the world: ſuſpects, and ſtarts,
And looks behind him.

Enter Morat, as in haſte.

Mor. Sir, with hazard of my life I've ventur'd
To tell you, you are loſt, betray'd undone;
Rouze up your courage, call up all your counſels,
And think on all thoſe ſtratagems which nature
Keeps ready to encounter ſudden dangers.

Prince. But pray (my Lord) by whom? for what offence?

Mor. Is it a time for ſtory, when each minute
Begets a thouſand dangers? the gods protect you.

Exit. *Prince.*

Prince. This man was ever honeſt, and my friend,
And I can ſee in his amazed look,
Something of danger; but in act or thought,
I never did that thing ſhould make me fear it.
Princeſs. Nay, good Sir, let not ſo ſecure a confidence
Betray you to your ruine.
Prince. Prethee woman
Keep to thy ſelf thy fears, I cannot know
There is ſuch a thing in Nature; I ſtand ſo ſtrong,
Incloſed with a double guard of Vertue,
And Innocence, that I can look on dangers,
As he that ſtands upon a Rock
Can looks on ſtorms and tempeſts. Fear and guilt
Are the ſame thing; and when our actions are not,
Our fears are crimes.
And he deſerves it leſs that guilty bears
A puniſhment, than he that guiltleſs fears. *Ex.*

Enter Haly and Torturers.

Ha. This is the place appointed, aſſiſt me courage!
This hour ends all my fears; but pauſe a while:
Suppoſe I ſhould diſcover to the Prince
The whole conſpiracy, and ſo retort it
Upon the King; it were an handſom plot,
But full of difficulties, and uncertain;
And he's ſo fool'd with down-right honeſty,
He'll ne're believe it; and now 'tis too late;
The guards are ſet, and now I hear him coming.

Enter

Enter Prince, ſtumbles at the entrance.

Prince. 'Tis ominous, but I will on; deſtruction
O'retakes as often thoſe that flye, as thoſe that boldly meet it.

Ha. By your leave Prince, your Father greets you.

Prince. Unhand me traytors. [*Haly caſts a ſcarf over his face.*]

Ha. That title is your own, and we are ſent to let you know it.

Prince. Is not that the voice of *Haly*?

Ha. I, vertuous Prince, I come to make you exerciſe
One vertue more, your patience. [Heat the Irons quickly.]

Prince. Inſolent villain, for what cauſe?

Ha. Only to gaze upon a while, until your eyes are out.

Prince. O villain, ſhall I not ſee my Father,
To ask him what's my crime? who my accuſers?
Let me but try if I can wake his pity
From his Lethargick ſleep.

Ha. It muſt not be, Sir.

Prince. Shall I not ſee my wife, nor bid farewell
To my dear Children?

Ha. Your pray'rs are all in vain.

Prince. Thou ſhalt have half my Empire *Haly*, let me but

See

See the Tyrant, that before my eyes are loſt,
They may dart poyſ'nous flaſhes like the Baſi-
liſk,
And look him dead; Theſe eyes that ſtill were
open,
Or to fore-ſee, or to prevent his dangers,
Muſt they be cloſed in eternal night?
Cannot his thirſt of blood be ſatisfied
With any but his own? And can his tyranny
Find out no other object but his Son?
I ſeek not mercy; tell him, I deſire
To die at once, not to conſume an age
In lingring deaths.

Ha. Our ears are charm'd: Away with him.

Prince. Can ye behold (ye Gods) a wronged
Innocent?
Or ſleeps your Juſtice, like my Fathers Mercy?
Or are you blind? as I muſt be.

Finis Actus Tertii.

Actus Quartus.

Enter Abdall and Morat.

Ab. I ever fear'd the Princes too much greatneſs (near
Would make him leſs: the greateſt heights are
The greateſt precipice.

Mor. 'Tis in worldly accidents
As in the world it ſelf, where things moſt diſtant
Meet one another: Thus the Eaſt and Weſt,
Upon the Globe, a Mathematick point
Only divides: Thus happineſs and miſery,
And all extreams are ſtill contiguous. (be

Ab. Or, if 'twixt happineſs and miſery there
A diſtance, 'tis an Aery *Vacuum*;
Nothing to moderate, or break the fall.

Mor. But oh this Saint-like Devil!
This damned *Caliph*, to make the King believe
To kill his ſon, 's religion.

Ab. Poor Princes, how are they miſ-led!
While they, whoſe ſacred Office 'tis to bring
Kings to obey their God, and men their King;
By theſe myſterious links to fix and tye
Them to the foot-ſtool of the Deity;
Even by theſe men, Religion, that ſhould be

The

The curb, is made the ſpur to tyranny:
They with their double key of conſcience bind
The Subjects ſouls, and leave Kings unconfin'd;
While their poor Vaſſals ſacrifice their blouds
T' Ambition; and to Avarice, their goods:
Blind with Devotion. They themſelves eſteem
Made for themſelves, and all the world for them;
While heavens great Law, given for their guide, appears
Juſt, or unjuſt, but as it waits on theirs:
Us'd, but to give the eccho to their words,
Power to their wills, and edges to their ſwords.
To varniſh all their errors, and ſecure
The ills they act, and all the world endure.
Thus by their arts Kings aw the world, while they,
Religion, as their Miſtreſs, ſeem t' obey;
Yet as their ſlave command her: while they ſeem
To riſe to Heaven, they make Heaven ſtoop to them.

Mor. Nor is this all, where feign'd devotion bends
The higheſt things, to ſerve the loweſt ends:
For if the many-headed beaſt hath broke,
Or ſhaken from his neck the royal yoke,
With popular rage, Religion doth conſpire,
Flows into that, and ſwells the torrent higher;

Then powers firſt pedigree from force derives,
And calls to mind the old prerogatives
Of free-born man; and with a ſaucy eye
Searches the heart and ſoul of Majeſty:
Then to a ſtrict account, and cenſure brings
The actions, errors, and the end of Kings;
Treads on authority, and ſacred Laws;
Yet all for God, and his pretended cauſe,
Acting ſuch things for him, which he in them,
And which themſelves in others will condemn;
And thus engag'd, nor ſafely can retire,
Nor ſafely ſtand, but blindly bold aſpire,
Forcing their hopes, even through deſpair, to climb
To new attempts; diſdain the preſent time,
Grow from diſdain to threats, from threats to arms;
While they (though ſons of peace) ſtill ſound th' Alarms:
Thus whether Kings or people ſeek extreams,
Still conſcience and religion are their Theams:
And whatſoever change the State invades,
The pulpit either forces, or perſwades.
Others may give the fewel, or the fire;
But they the breath, that makes the flame, inſpire.

Ab. This, and much more is true, but let not us
Adde to our ills, and aggravate misfortunes
By paſſionate complaints, nor loſe our ſelves,
Becauſe we have loſt him; for if the Tyrant

We

Were to a ſon ſo noble, ſo unnatural;
What will he be to us, who have appear'd
Friends to that ſon?

Mor. Well thought on, and in time;
Farewel unhappy Prince, while we thy Friends,
As ſtrangers to our Countrey, and our ſelves,
Seek out our ſafety, and expect with patience
Heavens Juſtice.

Ab. Let's rather act it, than expect it:
The Princes injuries at our hands require
More than our tears, and patience:
His Army is not yet diſbanded,
And only wants a head; thither we'll flye,
And all who love the Prince, or hate the Tyrant,
Will follow us.

Mor. Nobly reſolv'd; and either we'll reſtore
The Prince, or periſh in the brave attempt.
Ye Gods, ſince what we mean to execute,
Is your high office (to avenge the innocent)
Aſſiſt us with a fortune, equal to
The juſtice of our action; leſt the world
Should think it ſelf deluded, and miſtruſt
That you want will, or power to be juſt. *Ex.*

Enter Haly.

Ha. 'Tis done, and 'twas my maſter-piece, to work
My ſafety 'twixt two dangerous extreams;
Now like a skilful ſayler have I paſt

Scylla and *Charybdis*, I have ſcap't the rock
Of ſteep Ambition, and the gulf of Jealouſie,
A danger leſs avoided, 'cauſe leſs fear'd.

Enter Mirvan.

Mir. What's done, my Lord?

Ha. Enough, I warrant you; impriſon'd, and depriv'd of ſight.

Mir. No more? This but provokes him: can you think
Your ſelf ſecure, and he alive?

Ha. The reſt o'th' buſineſs will do it ſelf;
He can as well endure a priſon, as a wild Bull the net:
There let him ſtruggle, and toyl himſelf to death,
And ſave us ſo much envy.

Mir. But if his Father ſhould relent, ſuch injuries
Can receive no excuſe or colour, but to be
Transferr'd upon his Counſellours; and then
The forfeiture of them redeems his error.

Ha. We muſt ſet a mark upon his paſſion,
And as we find it running low,
What ebbs from his, into our rage ſhall flow,
Why ſhould we be more wicked
Than we muſt needs?

Mir. Nay, if you ſtick at Conſcience,
More gallant actions have been loſt, for want of being
Compleatly wicked, than have been perform'd

By

By being exactly vertuous. 'Tis hard to be
Exact in good, or excellent in ill;
Our will wants power, or else our power wants
skill. [*Ex.*

Enter Solyman and Tormentors.

Sol. But Gentlemen, was the King in earnest?
I can scarce believe it.

Tor. You will when you feel it.

Sol. I pray, have any of you felt it, to tell
me what it is?

Tor. No, Sir, but
Some of your fellow Courtiers can tell you,
That use something like it, to mend their shapes.
'Twill make you so straight and slender!

Sol. Slender! because I was slender in my
wits, must I be drawn
Slender in my waste? I'd rather grow wise,
And corpulent, like him they call *Abdomen*.

Tor. Come, Sir, 'tis but a little stretching.

Sol. No, no more's hanging; and sure this will
be the death of me:
I remember my Grandmother died of Convulsi-
on fits.

Tor. Come, Sir, prepare, prepare.

Sol. I, for another world: I must repent first.

Tor. Quickly then.

Sol. Then first I repent that sin of being a
Courtier.

And secondly, the greatest sin one can commit
in that place, the speaking of truth.
Tor. Have you no more sins?
Sol. Some few trifles more, not worth the remembring;
Drinking, and whoring, and swearing, and such like:
But for those let 'em pass.
Tor. Have you done now?
Sol. Only some good counsel to the standers (by.
Tor. We thank you for that, Sir.
Sol. Nay, Gentlemen, mistake me not;
'Tis not that I love you, but because 'tis a thing of course
For dying men.
Tor. Let's have it then.
Sol. First then, if any of you are fools (as I think that
But a needless question) be fools still, and labour still
In that vocation, then the worst will be but whipping;
Where, but for seeming wise, the best is racking.
But if you have the luck to be Court-fools, those that have
Either wit or honesty, you may fool withal, and spare not:
But for those that want either,
You'll find it rather dangerous than otherwise;
I could give you a modern

Instance

Inſtance or two, but let that paſs: but if you
happen to be State-fools, 'then 'tis
But fooling on the right ſide, and all's well; then
you ſhall at leaſt be
Wiſe mens fellows, if not wiſe mens maſters.
But of all things take heed of giving any man
good counſel,
You ſee what I have got by it; and yet like
a fool, muſt
I be doing on't again.

Tor. Is this all?

Sol. All, but a little in my own behalf. Remember, Gentlemen,
I am at full growth, and my joints are knit; and yet
My ſinews are not Cables.

Tor. Well, we'll remember't.

Sol. But ſtay, Gentlemen, what think you of a bottle now?

Tor. I hope you are more ſerious.

Sol. If you knew but how dry a thing this ſorrow is,
Eſpecially meeting with my conſtitution; which is,
As thirſty as any Serving-mans.

Tor. Let him have it, it may be 'twill make him confeſs.

Sol. Yes, I ſhall, I ſhall lay before you all that's within me,
And with moſt fluent utterance.

Here's

Here's to you all Gentlemen, and let him that's good
Natur'd in his drink, pledge me. [*Drinks.*]
So, methinks I feel it in my joynts already,
It makes 'em ſupple. [*Drinks again.*]
Now I feel it in my brains, it makes 'em ſwim.

Tor. Hold, Sir, you have no meaſure of your ſelf.

Sol. What do you talk of meaſure, you'l take Meaſure of me with a vengeance?

Tor. You are witty, Sir.

Sol. Nothing but a poor clinch;
I have a thouſand of them (a trick I learn't amongſt the Stateſ-men) (*Drinks again.*]
Well rack, I defie thee, do thy worſt;
I would thou wer't Man, Giant, or Monſter.
Gentlemen, now if I happen to fall aſleep
Upon this Engine, pray wake me not too ſuddenly;
You ſee here's good ſtore of wine, and if it be
Over-rack't, 'twill come up with lees and all;
There I was with you again, and now I am for you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Prince, being blind, ſolus.

Prince. Nature,
How didſt thou mock mankind to make him free
And yet to make him fear; or when he loſt
That freedom, why did he not loſe his fear?

That

That fear of fears, the fear of what we know not,
While yet we know it is in vain to fear it:
Death, and what follows death, 'twas that that stamp't
A terror on the brow of Kings; that gave
Fortune her Deity, and *Jove* his thunder.
Baniſh but fear of death, thoſe Giant names
Of Majeſty, Power, Empire, finding nothing
To be their object, will be nothing too:
Then he dares yet be free that dares to die,
May laugh at the grim face of Law, and ſcorn
The cruel wrinkle of a Tyrant brow:
But yet to die ſo tamely,
O'recome by paſſion and misfortune,
And ſtill unconquer'd by my foes, ſounds ill;
Below the temper of my ſpirit:
Yet to embrace a life ſo poor, ſo wretched,
So full of deaths, argues a greater dullneſs;
But I am dead already, nor can ſuffer
More in the other world. For what is Hell,
But a long ſleepleſs night? and what's their torment,
But to compare paſt joys with preſent ſorrows?
And what can death deprive me of? the ſight
Of day, of children, friends, and hope of Empire;
And whatſoever others loſe in death,
In life I am depriv'd of; then I will live
Only to die reveng'd: nor will I go
Down to the ſhades alone.
Prompt me ſome witty, ſome revengeful Devil,

His

His Devil that could make a bloudy feaſt
Of his own ſon, and call the gods his gueſts;
Her's that could kill her aged Sire, and caſt
Her brothers ſcatter'd limbs to Wolves and Vultures;
Or his that ſlew his Father, to enjoy
His mothers bed; and greater than all thoſe,
My fathers Devil.
Come miſchief, I embrace thee; fill my ſoul:
And thou Revenge aſcend, and bear the Scepter
O're all my paſſions; baniſh thence
All that are cool, and tame.
Know old Tyrant,
My heart's too big to break, I know thy fears
Exceed my ſufferings; and my revenge,
Though but in hope, is much a greater pleaſure
Than thou canſt take in puniſhing. Then my anger
Sink to the Center of my heart, and there
Lie cloſe in ambuſh, till my ſeeming patience
Hath made the cruel Tyrant as ſecure,
Though with as little cauſe, as now he's jealous.
Who's there? *Enter two or three.*
I find my nature would return
To her old courſe, I feel an inclination
To ſome repoſe; welcome thou pleaſing ſlumber:
A while embrace me in thy leaden arms,
And charm my careful thoughts:
Conduct me to my bed. *Exit.*

Enter

Enter King, Haly and Caliph.

King. How do's the Prince? how bears he
his reſtraint?
Ha. Why, Sir, as all great ſpirits
Bear great and ſudden changes, with ſuch impa-
tience
As a *Numidian* Lion, when firſt caught,
Endures the toyl that holds him.
He would think of nothing
But preſent death, and ſought all violent means
To compaſs it. But time hath mitigated
Thoſe furious heats, he now returns to food
And ſleep, admits the converſation,
Of thoſe that are about him.
King. I would I had not
So eaſily believ'd my fears, I was too ſudden;
I would it were undone.
Cal. If you lament it,
That which now looks like Juſtice, will be
thought
An inconſiderate raſhneſs.
King. But there are in nature
Such ſtrong returns! That I puniſht him,
I do not grieve; but that he was my Son.
Ha. But it concerns you to bear up your
paſſion,
And make it good; for if the people know,
That you have cauſe to grieve for what is done,
They'll

They'l think you had no cauſe at firſt to do it.

King to the Ca. Go viſit him from me, and teach him patience;
Since neither all his fury, nor my ſorrow
Can help what's paſt, tell him my ſeverity
To him ſhall in ſome meaſure be requited,
By my indulgence to his children. And if he deſire it,
Let them have acceſs to him: endeavour to take off
His thoughts from revenge, by telling him of
Paradiſe, and I know not what pleaſures
In the other world.

Cal. I ſhall, Sir. *Ex. King and Ca. Ma. Haly. Enter* Mirvan.

Ha. Mirvan, The King relents, and now there's left
No refuge but the laſt; he muſt be poyſoned:
And ſuddenly, leſt he ſurvive his Father.

Mir. But handſomly, leſt it appear.

Ha. Appear!
To whom? you know there's none about him
But ſuch as I have plac't; and they ſhall ſay
'Twas diſcontent, or abſtinence.

Mir. But at the beſt
'Twill be ſuſpected.

Ha. Why though't be known,
We'll ſay he poyſoned himſelf.

Mir. But the curious will pry further
Than bare report, and the old King's ſuſpicions
Have piercing eyes.

Ha.

Ha. But those nature
Will shortly close: you see his old disease
Grows strong upon him.
Mir. But if he should recover?
Ha. But I have cast his Nativity; he cannot,
he must not.
I'th' mean time I have so besieg'd him,
So blockt up all the passages, and plac'd
So many Centinels and Guards upon him,
That no intelligence can be convey'd
But by my instruments. But this business will
require
More heads and hands than ours: Go you to
the prison,
And bring the Keeper privately to me,
To give him his instructions. *Ex. several ways.*

Enter Prince *and* Caliph.

Cal. Sir, I am commanded by the King
To visit you.
Prince. What, to give a period to my life,
And to his fears? You're welcom; here's a
throat,
A heart, or any other part, ready to let
In death, and receive his commands.
Ca. My Lord, I am no messenger, nor minister
of death,
'Tis not my function.
Prince. I should know that voice.

Ca.

Cal. I am the *Caliph*, and am come to tell you, your Father
Is now return'd to himself: Nature ha's got
The victory o're passion, all his rigour
Is turn'd to grief and pity.

Prince. Alas good man!
I pity him, and his infirmities;
His doubts, and fears, and accidents of age,
Which first provok'd his cruelty.

Ca. He bid me tell you,
His love to yours should amply recompence
His cruelty to you: And I dare say 'tis real;
For all his thoughts, his pleasures, and delights,
Are fixt on *Fatyma*: when he is sad,
She comforts him; when sick, she's his Physician.
And were it not for the delight he takes
In her, I think he'd, die with sorrow.

Prince. But how, are his affections fixt so strangely
On her alone? sure 'tis not in his nature;
For then he had lov'd me, or hated her,
Because she came from me.

Ca. 'Tis her desert,
She's fair beyond comparison, and witty
Above her age; and bears a manly spirit
Above her Sex.

Prince. But may not I admire her?
Is that too great a happiness? pray let her make it
Her next suit to be permitted to visit me her self.

Ca.

Ca. She ſhall, Sir: I joy to ſee your mind
So well compos'd; I fear'd I ſhould have found
A tempeſt in your ſoul, and came to lay it.
I'le to the King;
I know to him that news will be
Moſt acceptable.
Prince. Pray do, and tell him
I have caſt off all my paſſions, and am now
A man again; fit for ſociety
And converſation.
Ca. I will Sir. *Exit.*
Prince. I never knew my ſelf till now; how on the ſudden
I'm grown an excellent diſſembler, to out-do
One at the firſt, that has practis'd it all his life:
So now I am my ſelf again, what is't
I feel within? Methinks ſome vaſt deſign
Now takes poſſeſſion of my heart, and ſwells
My labouring thoughts above the common bounds
Of humane actions, ſomething full of horror
My ſoul hath now decreed, my heart does beat,
As if 'twere forging thunder-bolts for *Jove*,
To ſtrike the Tyrant dead: So now, I have it,
I have it, 'tis a gallant miſchief,
Worthy my Father, or my Fathers Son.
All his delight's in *Fatyma*, poor innocent!
But not more innocent than I, and yet
My Father loves thee, and that's crime enough.
By this act, old Tyrant,

I ſhall be quit with thee: while I was virtuous,
I was a ſtranger to thy blood, but now
Sure thou wilt love me for this horrid crime,
It is ſo like thy own. In this I'm ſure,
Although in nothing elſe, I am thy Son:
But when 'tis done, I leave him yet that remedy
I take my ſelf, Revenge; but I as well
Will rob him of his anger, as his joy,
And having ſent her to the ſhades,
I'le follow her.
But to return again, and dwell
In his dire thoughts, for there's the blacker hell.

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Sir, your wife the Princeſs is come to viſit you.

Prince. Conduct her in; now to my diſguiſe again.

Enter Princeſs.

Princeſs. Is this my Lord the Prince?

Prince. That's *Erythæa.*
Or ſome Angel voyc't like her. 'Tis ſhe, my ſtrugling ſoul
Would fain go out to meet and welcom her.
Erythæa!
No anſwer but in ſighs (dear *Erythæa?*)
Thou cam'ſt to comfort, to ſupport my ſufferings,
Not to oppreſs me with a greater weight,
To ſee that my unhappineſs
Involves thee to.

Princeſs.

Princeſs. My Lord, in all your triumphs and your glories,
You call'd me into all your joys, and gave me
An equal ſhare, and in this depth of miſery
Can I be unconcern'd? you needs muſt know,
You needs muſt hope I cannot; or which is worſe,
You muſt ſuſpect my love: for what is love
But Sympathy? And this I make my happineſs,
Since both cannot be happy,
That we can both be miſerable.

Prince. I prethee do not ſay thou lov'ſt me;
For love, or finds out equals, or makes 'em ſo:
But I am ſo caſt down, and fallen ſo low,
I cannot riſe to thee, and dare not wiſh
Thou ſhould'ſt deſcend to me; but call it pity,
And I will own it then, that Kings may give
To beggars, and not leſſen their own greatneſs.

Princeſs. Till now I thought virtue had ſtood above
The reach of fortune; but if virtue be not,
Yet love's a greater Deity: whatever fortune
Can give or take, love wants not, or deſpiſes;
Or by his own omnipotence ſupplies:
Then like a God with joy beholds
The beauty of his own Creations.
Thus what we form and image to our fancies,
We really poſſeſs.

Prince. But can thy imagination
Delude it ſelf, to fix upon an object

So loſt in miſeries, ſo old in ſorrows;
Paleneſs and death hang on my cheek, and darkneſs
Dwells in my eyes; more chang'd from what I was
In perſon then in fortune.

Princeſs. Yet ſtill the ſame to me:
Alas my Lord, theſe outward beauties are but the props and ſcaffolds
On which we built our love, which now made perfect,
Stands without thoſe ſupports: nor is my flame
So earthy as to need the dull material fuel
Of eyes, or lips, or cheeks, ſtill to be kindled,
And blown by appetite, or elſe t' expire:
My fires are purer, and like thoſe of Heaven,
Fed only, and contented with themſelves,
Need nothing from without.

Prince. But the diſgrace that waits upon miſfortune,
The meer reproach, the ſhame of being miſerable,
Expoſes men to ſcorn and baſe contempt,
Even from their neareſt friends.

Princeſs. Love is ſo far from ſcorning miſery,
That he delights in't, and is ſo kindly cruel,
Sometimes to wiſh it, that he may be alone;
Inſtead of all, of fortunes, honours, friends, which are
But meer diverſions from loves proper object,

Which

Which only is it ſelf.

Prince. Thou haſt almoſt
Taught me to love my miſeries, and forgive
All my misfortunes. I'le at leaſt forget 'em;
We will revive thoſe times, and in our memories
Preſerve, and ſtill keep freſh (like flowers in water)
Thoſe happier days: when at our eyes our ſouls
Kindled their mutual fires, their equal beams
Shot and returned, till linkt, and twin'd in one,
They chain'd our hearts together.

Princeſs. And was it juſt, that fortune ſhould begin
Her tyranny, where we began our loves?
No, if it had, why was not I blind too?
I'm ſure if weeping could have don't, I had been.

Prince. Think not that I am blind, but think it night,
A ſeaſon for our loves, and which to lovers
Ne're ſeems too long; and think of all our miſeries,
But as ſome melancholy dream which has awak't us,
To the renewing of our joys.

Princeſs. My Lord, this is a temper
Worthy the old Philoſophers.

Prince. I but repeat that leſſon

Which I have learnt from thee. All this morality
Thy love hath taught me.

Princess. My Lord, you wrong your virtue,
T'ascribe the effect of that to any cause
Less noble than it self.

Prince. And you your love,
To think it is less noble, or less powerful,
Then any the best virtue: and I fear thy love
Will wrong it self: so long a stay will make
The jealous King suspect we have been plotting:
How do the pledges of our former love;
Our Children?

Princess. Both happy in their Grandsires love,
especially
The pretty *Fatyma*; yet she
According to her apprehension feels
A sense of your misfortunes.

Prince. But let her not too much express it,
Lest she provoke his fury.

Princess. She only can allay it
When 'tis provok't; she
Plays with his rage, and gets above his anger;
As you have seen a little boat
To mount and dance upon the wave, that
threatens
To overwhelm it.

Prince. To threaten is to save, but his anger
Strikes us like thunder, where the blow out-flies
The loud report, and even prevents mens fears.

Princess. But then like thunder

It rends a Cedar, or an Oak, or finds
Some ſtrong reſiſting matter; women and children
Are not Subjects worthy a Princes anger.
Prince. Whatſoever
Is worthy of their love is worth their anger.
Princeſs. Love's a more natural motion; they are angry
As Princes, but love as men.
Prince. Once more I beg,
Make not thy love thy danger.
Princeſs. My Lord, I ſee with what unwillingneſs
You lay upon me this command, and through your fears
Diſcern your love, and therefore muſt obey you. *Exit.*
Prince. Farewel my deareſt *Erythæa.*
There's a ſtrange muſick in her voice, the ſtory
Of *Orpheus*, which appears ſo bold a fiction,
Was prophecy'd of thee; thy voice has tam'd
The Tigers and the Lions of my ſoul.

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Sir, your daughter *Fatyma.*
Prince. Conduct her in; how ſtrangely am I tempted
With opportunity, which like a ſudden guſt
Hath ſwell'd my calmer thoughts into a tempeſt?
Accurſed opportunity!

The Midwife and the Bawd to all our vices,
That work'ſt our thoughts into deſires, deſires
To reſolutions; thoſe being ripe, and quickned,
Thou giv'ſt 'em birth, and bring'ſt 'em forth to action.

Enter Fat. and Meſſenger.

Prince. Leave us, O opportunity!
That when my dire and bloody reſolutions,
Like ſick and froward children
Were rockt aſleep by reaſon or religion,
Thou like a violent noiſe cam'ſt ruſhing in,
And mak'ſt 'em wake and ſtart to new unquietneſs.
Come hither, pretty *Fatyma*,
Thy Grandſires darling, ſit upon my knee:
He loves thee dearly.

Fat. I, Father, for your ſake.

Prince. And for his ſake I ſhall requite it.
O virtue, virtue,
Where art thou fled? thou art my Reaſons friend;
But that like a depoſed Prince has yielded
His Scepter to his baſe uſurping vaſſals;
And like a traytor to himſelf, takes pleaſure
In ſerving them.

Fat. But Father,
I deſir'd him that you might have liberty, and that
He would give you your eyes again.

Prince. Pretty Innocence!

'Tis

'Tis not i'th' art, nor power of man to do it.
Fat. Muſt you never ſee again then, Father?
Prince. No, not without a miracle.
Fat. Why Father, I can ſee with one eye, pray take one
Of mine.
Prince. I would her innocent prate could overcome me:
O what a conflict do I feel! how am I
Toſt like a ſhip 'twixt two encountring tides!
Love that was baniſht hence, would fain return
And force an entrance, but revenge
(That's now the Porter of my ſoul) is deaf,
Deaf as the Adder, and as full of poyſon.
Mighty revenge! that ſingle canſt o'rethrow
All thoſe joynt powers, which nature, vertue, honour,
Can raiſe againſt thee.
Fat. What do you ſeek for, your handkerchief? pray uſe mine;
To drink the bloudy moiſture from your eyes;
I'le ſhew't my Grandfather,
I know 'twill make him weep.
Why do you ſhake Father?
Juſt ſo my Grandfire trembled at the inſtant
Your ſight was ta'ne away.
Prince. And upon the like occaſion.
Fat. O Father, what means the naked knife?
Prince. 'Tis to requite thy Grandfires love.
Prepare

To meet thy death.

Fat. O, 'tis I, 'tis I,
Your daughter *Fatyma*!

Prince. I therefore do it.

Fat. Alas, was this the bleſſing my mother ſent me to receive?

Prince. Thy Mother! *Erythæa*! There's ſomething in that
That ſhakes my reſolution.
Poor *Erythæa*, how wretched ſhall I make thee,
To rob thee of a Husband and a Child?
But which is worſe, that firſt I fool'd and won thee
To a belief that all was well; and yet
Shall I forbear a crime for love of thee,
And not for love of virtue? But what's virtue?
A meer imaginary ſound, a thing
Of ſpeculation; which to my dark ſoul,
Depriv'd of reaſon, is as indiſcernable
As colours to my body, wanting ſight.
Then being left to ſenſe, I muſt be guided
By ſomething that my ſenſe graſps and takes hold of;
On then my love, and fear not to encounter
That Giant, my revenge (alas poor *Fatyma*)
My Father loves thee, ſo do's *Erythæa*:
Whether ſhall I by juſtly plaguing
Him whom I hate, be more unjuſtly cruel
To her I love? Or being kind to her,
Be cruel to my ſelf, and leave unſatisfied

My

My anger and revenge? but Love, thou art
The nobler paſſion, and to thee I ſacrifice
All my ungentle thoughts. *Fatyma* forgive me,
And ſeal it with a kiſs: What is't I feel?
The ſpirit of revenge re-inforcing
New Arguments. Fly *Fatyma*,
Fly while thou may'ſt, nor tempt me to new miſchief,
By giving means to act it; to this ill
My will leads not my power, but power my will. *Ex. Fat.*
O what a tempeſt have I ſcap't, thanks to Heaven,
And *Erythæa*'s love!
No: 'twas a poor, a low revenge, unworthy
My virtues, or my injuries, and
As now my fame, ſo then my infamy,
Would blot out his; And I inſtead of his Empire,
Shall only be the heir of all his curſes.
No: I'le be ſtill my ſelf, and carry with me
My innocence to th' other world, and leave
My fame to this: 'twill be a brave revenge
To raiſe my mind to a conſtancy, ſo high,
That may look down upon his threats, my patience
Shall mock his fury; nor ſhall he be ſo happy
To make me miſerable: and my ſufferings ſhall
Erect a prouder Trophy to my name,
Than all my proſperous actions: Every Pilot

Can

Can steer the ship in calms, but he performs
The skilful part, can manage it in storms.

Finis Actus Quarti.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Prince.

Prince. If happiness be a substantial good,
Not fram'd of accidents, nor subject to 'em,
I err'd to seek it in a blind revenge,
Or think it lost in loss of sight, or Empire;
'Tis something sure within us, not subjected
To sense of sight, only to be discern'd
By reason, my soul's eye, and that still sees
Clearly, and clearer for the want of these;
For gazing through these windows of the body,
It met such several, such distracting objects;
But now confin'd within it self, it sees
A strange, and unknown world, and there discovers
Torrents of Anger, Mountains of Ambition;
Gulfes of Desire, and Towers of hope, huge Giants,
Monsters, and savage Beasts; to vanquish these,
Will be a braver conquest than the old

Or

Or the new world.
O happineſs of blindneſs! now no beauty
Inflames my luſt, no others good, my envy,
Or miſery, my pity: no mans wealth
Draws my reſpect, nor poverty my ſcorn;
Yet ſtill I ſee enough. Man to himſelf
Is a large proſpect, rais'd above the level
Of his low creeping thoughts; if then I have
A world within my ſelf, that world ſhall be
My Empire; there I'le raign, commanding freely,
And willingly obey'd, ſecure from fear
Of foreign forces, or domeſtick treaſons,
And hold a Monarchy more free, more abſolute
Than in my Fathers ſeat; and looking down
With ſcorn or pity, on the ſlippery ſtate
Of Kings, will tread upon the neck of Fate. *Ex.*

Enter Baſhaws diſguis'd, with Haly.

1 *Baſh.* Sir, 'tis of near concernment, and imports
No leſs than the Kings life and honour.
Ha. May not I know it?
Baſh. You may, Sir. But in his preſence we are ſworn
T' impart it firſt to him.
Ha. Our Perſian State deſcends not
To Interviews with ſtrangers: but from whence
Come this diſcovery, or you that bring it?

2 *Baſh.*

2 *Baſh.* We are, Sir, of *Natolia.*

Ha. Natolia? Heard you nothing
Of two Villains that lately fled from hence?

1 *Baſh.* The *Baſhaws*, Sir?

Ha. The ſame.

2 *Baſh.* They are nearer than you think for.

Ha. Where?

1 *Baſh.* In *Perſia.*

Ha. In arms again to 'tempt another ſlavery?

2 *Baſh.* No, Sir, they made ſome weak attempts, preſuming on
The reputation of their former greatneſs:
But having loſt their fame and fortunes,
'Tis no wonder they loſt their friends; now hopeleſs and forlorn
They are return'd, and ſomewhere live obſcurely,
To expect a change in *Perſia*; nor wil't be hard
To find 'em.

Ha. Do't, and name your own rewards.

2 *Baſh.* We dare do nothing till we have ſeen the King,
And then you ſhall command us.

Ha. Well, though 'tis not uſual,
Ye ſhall have free acceſs. *Exit Haly.*

Enter King and Haly.

1 *Baſh.* Sir, there were two Turkiſh priſoners lately fled
From hence for a ſuppos'd conſpiracy
Between the Prince and them.

King.

King. Where are the Villains?

1 *Baſh.* This is the Villain, Sir; *They pull off*
And we the wrongfully accus'd: *their diſguiſes.*
You gave life Sir,
And we took it
As a free noble gift; but when we heard
'Twas valued at the price of your Sons honour,
We came to give it back, as a poor trifle,
Priz'd at a rate too high.

King. Haly,
I cannot think my favours plac'd ſo ill,
To be ſo ill requited; yet their confidence
Has ſomething in't that looks like innocence.

Ha. aſide. Is't come to that? then to my laſt and ſureſt refuge.

King. Sure if the guilt were theirs, they could not charge thee
With ſuch a gallant boldneſs: if 'twere thine,
Thou could'ſt not hear't with ſuch a ſilent ſcorn;
I am amaz'd.

Ha. Sir, perplex your thoughts no further,
They have truth to make 'em bold;
And I have power to ſcorn it: 'twas I Sir,
That betray'd him, and you, and them.

King. Is this impudence, or madneſs?

Ha. Neither:
A very ſober, and ſad truth---- to you, Sir.

King. A Guard there.

Enter Mirvan, and others.

King. Seize him.

Ha.

Ha. Seize them; now
Though 'tis too late to learn, yet know
'Gainſt you are King again, what 'tis to let your Subjects
Diſpoſe all offices of truſt and power:
The beaſt obeys his keeper, and looks up,
Not to his maſters, but his feeders hand;
And when you gave me power to diſpenſe
And make your favours mine, in the ſame hour
You made your ſelf my ſhadow: and 'twas my courteſie
To let you live, and raign ſo long.

King. Without there!

Enter two or three, and join with the others.

What none but Traytors? Has this Villain
Breath'd treaſon into all, and with that breath,
Like a contagious vapour, blaſted Loyalty?
Sure Hell it ſelf hath ſent forth all her Furies,
T' inhabit and poſſeſs this place.

Ha. Sir, paſſions without power,
Like ſeas againſt a rock, but loſe their fury.
Mirvan, take theſe Villains, and ſee 'em ſtrangled.

1 *Baſh.* Farewel, Sir, commend us to your ſon, let him know,
That ſince we cannot die his ſervants,
We'll die his Martyrs.

King. Farewel, unhappy friends,
A long farewel, and may you find rewards
Great as your Innocence; or which is more,

Great

Great as your wrongs.

2 *Baſh.* Come, thou art troubled,
Thou doſt not fear to dye?

1 *Baſh.* No, but to loſe my death,
To ſell my life ſo cheap, while this proud villain
That takes it muſt ſurvive.

2 *Baſh.* We ſhall not loſe our deaths,
If Heaven can hear the cries of guiltleſs blood,
Which ſure it muſt; for I have heard th'are loud ones:
Vengeance ſhall overtake thee.

Ha. Away with 'em.

King. Stay, *Haly*, they are innocent; yet life, when 'tis thy gift,
Is worſe than death, I diſdain to ask it.

1 *Baſh.* And we to take it.

Ha. Do not ask it, Sir,
For them to whom you owe your ruine, they have undone you;
Had not they told you this, you had liv'd ſecure,
And happy in your ignorance; but this injury,
Since 'tis not in your nature to forgive it,
I muſt not leave it in your power to puniſh it.

King. Heaven, though from thee I have deſerv'd this plague,
Be thou my Judge and Witneſs, from this villain
'Tis undeſerv'd.
Had I but felt your vengeance from ſome hand

That first had suffer'd mine, it had been justice:
But have you sent this sad return of all
My love, my trust, my favours?

Ha. Sir, there's a great resemblance
Between your favours, and my injuries;
Those are too great to be requited, these
Too great to be forgiven: and therefore
'Tis but in vain to mention either.

King. Mirza, Mirza,
How art thou lost by my deceiv'd credulity?
I'le beg thy pardon.

Ha. Stay, Sir, not without my leave:
Go some of you, and let the people know
The King keeps state, and will not come in publick:
If any great affairs, or State addresses,
Bring 'em to me.

King. How have I taught the villain
To act my part? but oh, my son, my son,
Shall I not see thee?

Ha. For once you shall, Sir,
But you must grant me one thing.

King. Traytor, dost thou mock my miseries?
What can I give but this unhappy life?

Ha. Alas! Sir, it is but that I ask, and 'tis my modesty
To ask it, it being in my power to take it:
When you shall see him, Sir, to die for pity,
'Twere such a thing, 'twould so deceive the world,

And

And make the people think you were good
natur'd;
'Twill look ſo well in ſtory, and become
The ſtage ſo handſomly.

King. I ne're deny'd thee any thing, and ſhall
not now
Deny thee this, though I could ſtand upright
Under the tyranny of age and fortune;
Yet the ſad weight of ſuch ingratitude
Will cruſh me into earth.

Ha. Loſe not your tears, but keep
Your lamentations for your ſon, or ſins;
For both deſerve 'em: but you muſt make haſte,
Sir,
Or he'l not ſtay your coming. *He looks upon*
'Tis now about the hour the poyſon *a watch.*
Muſt take effect.

King. Poyſon'd? oh Heaven!

Ha. Nay, Sir, loſe no time in wonder, both
of us
Have much to do; if you will ſee your Son,
Here's one ſhall bring you to him. *Exit King.*
Some unskilful Pilot had ſhipwrackt here;
But I not only againſt ſure
And likely ills have made my ſelf ſecure:
But ſo confirm'd, and fortify'd my ſtate,
To ſet it ſafe above the reach of Fate.
Exit Haly.

Enter Prince led, Servant at the other door, Princeſs and Soffy.

Serv. Sir, the Princeſs and your Son.

Prince. Soffy, thou com'ſt to wonder at
Thy wretched Father: why doſt thou interrupt
Thy happineſs, by looking on an object
So miſerable?

Princeſs. My Lord, methinks there is not in your voice
The vigour that was wont, nor in your look
The wonted chearfulneſs. Are you well my Lord?

Prince. No: but I ſhall be, I feel my health a coming.

Princeſs. What's your diſeaſe, my Lord?

Prince. Nothing, but I have tane a Cordial,
Sent by the King or *Haly*, in requital
Of all my miſeries, to make me happy:
The pillars of this frame grow weak,
As if the weight of many years oppreſs 'em;
My ſinews ſlacken, and an Icy ſtiffneſs
Benums my blood.

Princeſs. Alas, I fear he's poyſon'd:
Call all the help that Art, or Herbs, or Minerals
Can miniſter.

Prince. No, 'tis too late:
And they that gave me this, are too well practis'

In ſuch an Art, to attempt and not perform.'

Princeſs. Yet try my Lord, revive your thoughts, the Empire
Expects you, your Father's dying.

Prince. So when the ſhip is ſinking,
The winds that wrackt it ceaſe.

Princeſs. Will you be the ſcorn of fortune,
To come near a Crown, and only near it?

Prince. I am not fortunes ſcorn, but ſhe is mine,
More blind than I.

Princeſs. O tyranny of Fate! to bring
Death in one hand, and Empire in the other;
Only to ſhew us happineſs, and then
To ſnatch us from it.

Prince. They ſnatch me to it;
My ſoul is on her journey, do not now
Divert, or lead her back, to loſe her ſelf
I'th' maze, and winding labyrinths o'th' world:
I prethee do not weep, thy love is that
I part with moſt unwillingly, or otherwiſe
I had not ſtaid till rude neceſſity
Had forc'd me hence.

Soffy, be not a man too ſoon,
And when thou art, take heed of too much vertue;
It was thy Fathers, and his only crime,
'Twill make the King ſuſpicious; yet e're time,
By natures courſe has ripened thee to man,
'Twill mellow him to duſt; till then forget

I was thy Father, yet forget it not,
My great example ſhall excite thy thoughts
To noble actions. And you dear *Erythæa*,
Give not your paſſions vent; nor let blind fury
Precipitate your thoughts, nor ſet 'em working,
Till time ſhall lend 'em better means and inſtruments
Than loſt complaints. Where's pretty *Fatyma*?
She muſt forgive my raſh ungentle paſſion.

Princeſs. What do you mean, Sir?

Prince. I am aſham'd to tell you,
I prethee call her.

Princeſs. I will, Sir, I pray try
If ſleep will eaſe your torments, and repair
Your waſted ſpirits.

Prince. Sleep to thoſe empty lids
Is grown a ſtranger, and the day and night
As undiſtinguiſht by my ſleep, as ſight.
O happineſs of poverty! that reſts
Securely on a bed of living turf,
While we with waking cares and reſtleſs thoughts,
Lye tumbling on our downe, courting the bleſſing
Of a ſhort minutes ſlumber, which the Ploughman
Shakes from him, as a ranſom'd ſlave his fetters:
Call in ſome Muſick, I have heard ſoft airs
Can charm our ſenſes, and expel our cares.
Is *Erythæa* gone?

Serv.

Serv. Yes, Sir.

Prince. 'Tis well:
I would not have her preſent at my death.

Enter Muſick.

MOrpheus *the humble God, that dwells*
In Cottages and Smoakie Cells,
Hates gilded roofs and beds of downe;
And though he fears no Princes frown,
Flies from the circle of a Crown.

Come, I ſay, thou powerful God,
And thy Leaden charming Rod,
Dipt in the Lethæan Lake,
O're his wakeful temples ſhake,
Leſt he ſhould ſleep and never wake.

Nature (alas) why art thou ſo
Obliged to thy greateſt Foe?
Sleep that is thy beſt repaſt,
Yet of death it bears a taſte,
And both are the ſame thing at laſt.

Serv. So now he ſleeps, let's leave him
To his repoſe.

Enter King.

King. The horror of this place preſents
The horror of my crimes, I fain would ask

What I am loth to her; but I am well prepar'd:
They that are paſt all hope of good, are paſt
All fear of ill: and yet if he be dead,
Speak ſofily, or uncertainly.

Phy. Sir, he ſleeps.

King. O that's too plain, I know thou mean'ſt his laſt,
His long, his endleſs ſleep.

Phy. No, Sir, he lives; but yet
I fear the ſleep you ſpeak of will be his next:
For nature like a weak and weary traveller,
Tir'd with a tedious and rugged way,
Not by deſire provok't, but ev'n betray'd
By wearineſs and want of ſpirits,
Gives up her ſelf to this unwilling ſlumber.

King. Thou haſt it, *Haly*, 'tis indeed a ſad
And ſober truth, though the firſt
And only truth thou ever told'ſt me:
And 'tis a fatal ſign, when Kings hear truth,
Eſpecially when flatterers dare ſpeak it.

Prince. I thought I heard my Father, does he think the poyſon
Too ſlow, and comes to ſee the operation?

Prince Awakes.

Or does he think his engine dull, or honeſt?
Leſs apt to execute, than he to bid him:
He needs not, 'tis enough, it will ſucceed
To his expectation.

King. 'Tis indeed thy Father,
Thy wretched Father; but ſo far from acting

New

New cruelties, that if thoſe already paſt,
Acknowledg'd and repented of, can yet
Receive a pardon, by thoſe mutual bonds
Nature has ſeal'd between us, which though I
Have cancell'd, thou haſt ſtill preſerv'd inviolate;
I beg thy pardon.

Prince. Death in it ſelf appears
Lovely and ſweet, not only to be pardoned,
But wiſht for, had it come from any other hand,
But from a Father; a Father,
A name ſo full of life, of love, of pity:
Death from a Fathers hand, from whom I firſt
Receiv'd a being, 'tis a prepoſterous gift,
An act at which inverted Nature ſtarts
And bluſhes to behold her ſelf ſo cruel.

King. Take thou that comfort with thee, and be not deaf to truth:
By all that's holy, by the dying accents
Of thine, and my laſt breath, I never meant,
I never wiſht it: ſorrow has ſo over-fraught
This ſinking barque, I ſhall not live to ſhew
How I abhor, or how I would repent
My firſt raſh crime; but he that now
Has poyſon'd thee, firſt poyſon'd me with jealouſie,
A fooliſh cauſleſs jealouſie.

Prince. Since you believe my innocence,
I cannot but believe your ſorrow:

But

But does the villain live? A juſt revenge
Would more become the ſorrows of a King,
Than womaniſh complaints.

King. *O Mirza, Mirza!*
I have no more the power to do it,
Than thou to ſee it done: My Empire *Mirza*,
My Empire's loſt: thy vertue was the rock
On which it firmly ſtood, that being under-
min'd,
It ſunk with it's own weight; the villain whom
my breath created,
Now braves it in my Throne.

Prince. O for an hour of life; but 'twill not
be:
Revenge and juſtice we muſt leave to Heaven.
I would ſay more, but death hath taken in the
out-works,
And now aſſails the fort; I feel, I feel him
Gnawing my heart-ſtrings: Farewel, and yet I
would---- [*Dies.*

King. O ſtay, ſtay but a while, and take me
with thee;
Come Death, let me embrace thee, thou that
wert
The worſt of all my fears, art now the beſt
Of all my hopes. But Fate, why haſt thou
added
This curſe to all the reſt? the love of life;
We love it, and yet hate it; death we loath,
And ſtill deſire; flie to it, and yet fear it.

Enter

Enter Princeſs and Soffy.

Princeſs. He's gone, he's gone for ever:
O that the poyſon had miſtaken his,
And met this hated life; but cruel Fate
Envied ſo great a happineſs: Fate that ſtill
Flies from the wretched, and purſues the bleſt.
Ye Heavens! But why ſhould I complain to them
That hear me not, or bow to thoſe that hate me?
Why ſhould your curſes ſo out-weigh your bleſſings?
They come but ſingle, and long expectation
Takes from their value: but theſe fall upon us
Double and ſudden. *Sees the King.*
Yet more of horror, then farewel my tears,
And my juſt anger be no more confin'd
To vain complaints, or ſelf-devouring ſilence;
But break, break forth upon him like a deluge,
And the great ſpirit of my injur'd Lord
Poſſeſs me, and inſpire me with a rage
Great as thy wrongs, and let me call together
All my Souls powers, to throw a curſe upon him
Black as his crimes.

King. O ſpare your anger, 'tis loſt;
For he whom thou accuſeſt has already
Condemn'd himſelf, and is as miſerable
As thou canſt think, or wiſh him; ſpit upon me,
Caſt all reproaches on me, womans wit

Or

Or malice can invent, I'le thank thee for them;
What e're can give me a more lively ſenſe
Of my own crimes, that ſo I may repent 'em.
Princeſs. O cruel Tyrant! couldſt thou be ſo barbarous
To a Son as noble as thy ſelf art vile?
That knew no other crime, but too much vertue;
Nor could deſerve ſo great a puniſhment
For any fault, but that he was thy Son?
Now not content to exceed all other Tyrants,
Exceed'ſt thy ſelf: firſt robbing him of ſight,
Then ſeeming by a fain'd and forc'd repentance,
To expiate that crime, didſt win him to
A falſe ſecurity, and now by poyſon
Haſt rob'd him of his life.
King. Were but my ſoul as pure
From other guilts as that, Heaven did not hold
One more immaculate. Yet what I have done,
He dying did forgive me, and hadſt thou been preſent,
Thou wouldſt have done the ſame: for thou art happy,
Compar'd to me; I am not only miſerable,
But wicked too; thy miſeries may find
Pity, and help from others; but mine make me
The ſcorn, and the reproach of all the world;
Thou, like unhappy Merchants, whoſe adventures
Are daſht on rocks, or ſwallowed up in ſtorms,

Ow'ſt all thy loſſes to the Fates: but I
Like waſtful Prodigals, have caſt away
My happineſs, and with it all mens pity:
Thou ſeeſt how weak and wretched guilt can make,
Even Kings themſelves, when a weak womans anger
Can maſter mine.

Princeſs. And your ſorrow
As much o'recomes my anger, and turns into melting pity.

King. Pity not me, nor yet deplore your husband;
But ſeek the ſafety of your Son, his innocence
Will be too weak a guard, when nor my greatneſs,
Nor yet his Fathers vertues could protect us.
Go on my Boy, the juſt revenge of all *To Soffy.*
Our wrongs I recommend to thee and Heaven;
I feel my weakneſs growing ſtrong upon me:

Exeunt.

Death thou art he that wilt not flatter Princes,
That ſtoops not to authority, nor gives
A ſpecious name to tyranny; but ſhews
Our actions in their own deformed likeneſs.
Now all thoſe cruelties which I have acted,
To make me great, or glorious, or ſecure,
Look like the hated crimes of other men.

Enter

Enter Phyſician.

King. O ſave, ſave me! who are thoſe that ſtand,
And ſeem to threaten me?

Phy. There's no body, 'tis nothing
But ſome fearful dream.

King. Yes, that's my brother's Ghoſt, whoſe birth-right ſtood
'Twixt me and Empire, like a ſpreading Cedar
That grows to hinder ſome delightful proſpect,
Him I cut down.
Next my old Fathers Ghoſt, whom I impatient
To have my hopes delay'd, haſtned by violence before his fatal day;
Then my enraged Son, who ſeems to becken,
And hale me to him. I come, I come, ye Ghoſts,
The greateſt of you all; but ſure one hell's
Too little to contain me, and too narrow
For all my crimes. [*Dies.*

Enter Mirvan and Haly at ſeveral doors.

Haly. Go muſter all the City-Bands; pretend it
To prevent ſudden tumults,
But indeed to ſetle the ſucceſſion.

Mir. My Lord, you are too ſudden, you'l take 'em unprepar'd.
Alas, you know their conſciences are tender.
Scandal and ſcruple muſt be firſt remov'd,
They muſt be pray'd and preach'd into a tumult:

But

But for ſucceſſion,
Let us agree on that; there's *Calamah*
The eldeſt Son by the Arabian Lady,
A gallant youth.
Ha. I, too gallant, his proud ſpirit will diſdain
To owe his greatneſs to anothers gift:
Such gifts as Crowns, tranſcending all requital,
Turn injuries.
No, *Mirvan*; he muſt be dull and ſtupid, leſt he know
Wherefore we made him King.
Mir. But he muſt be good natur'd, tractable,
And one that will be govern'd.
Ha. And have ſo much wit to know whom he's beholding to.
Mir. But why, my Lord, ſhould you look further than your ſelf?
Ha. I have had ſome ſuch thoughts; but I conſider
The Perſian State will not endure a King
So meanly born; no, I'le rather be the ſame I am,
In place the ſecond, but the firſt in power:
Solyman the Son of the *Georgian* Lady
Shall be the man: what noiſe is that?

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My Lord, the Princes late victorious Army
Is marching towards the Palace, breathing nothing

But

But fury and revenge; to them are joyn'd
All whom desire of change, or discontent,
Excites to new attempts, their Leaders
Abdal and *Morat*.

Ha. *Abdal* and *Morat*! *Mirvan*, we are lost,
fallen from the top
Of all our hopes, and cast away like Sailers,
Who scaping Seas, and Rocks, and Tempests,
perish
I'th' very Port; so are we lost i'th' sight
And reach of all our wishes.

Mir. How has our intelligence fail'd us so
strangely?

Ha. No, no, I knew they were in mutiny;
But they could ne're have hurt us,
Had they not come at this instant period,
This point of time: had he liv'd two days
longer,
A pardon to the Captains, and a largess
Among the Souldiers, had appeas'd their fury:
Had he dy'd two days sooner, the succession
Had as we pleas'd, been setled, and secur'd
By *Soffy*'s death. Gods, that the world should
turn
On minutes, and on moments!

Mir. My Lord, lose not your self
In passion, but take counsel from necessity;
I'le to 'em, and will let them know
The Prince is dead, and that they come too late
To give him liberty; for love to him

Has

Has bred their discontents; I'le tell them boldly,
That they have lost their hopes.

Ha. And tell them too,
As they have lost their hopes o'th' one, they have lost (desire
Their fears o'th' other: tell their Leaders we
Their counsel in the next succession;
Which if it meet disturbance,
Then we shall crave assistance from their power,
Which Fate could not have sent in a more happy hour. *Exit Mirvan.*

Enter Lords, Caliph.

Cal. My Lord,
Ye hear the news, the Princes Army is at the gate.

Ha. I, I hear it, and feel it here; [*Aside.*
But the succession, that's the point
That first requires your counsel.

Cal. Who should succeed, but *Soffy*?

Ha. What! in such times as these, when such an Army
Lies at our gates, to chuse a Child our King?
You, my Lord *Caliph*, are better read in story,
And can discourse the fatal consequences
When Children reign.

Cal. My Lords, if you'l be guided
By reason and example.----

Enter Abdal and Morat.

Ha. My Lords, you come most opportunely; we were entring

Into diſpute about the next ſucceſſion.

Ab. Who dares diſpute it? we have a powerful argument

Of forty thouſand ſtrong, that ſhall confute him.

Cal. A powerful argument indeed.

Ab. I, ſuch a one as will puzzle all your Logick

And diſtinctions to anſwer it;

And ſince we came too late for the performance

Of our intended ſervice to the Prince,

The wronged Prince, we cannot more expreſs

Our loyalty to him, than in the right

Of his moſt hopeful Son.

Ha. But is he not too young?

Mor. Sure you think us ſo too; but he, and we

Are old enough to look through your diſguiſe,

And under that to ſee his Fathers Enemies.

A Guard there.

Enter Guard.

Mor. Seize him, and you that could ſhew reaſon or example.

Ha. Seize me! for what?

Ab. Canſt thou remember ſuch a name as *Mirza*,

And ask for what?

Ha. That name I muſt remember, and with horrour;

But few have dyed for doing,

What they had dy'd for if they had not done:

It

It was the Kings command, and I was only
Th' unhappy miniſter.

Ab. I, ſuch a miniſter as wind to fire,
That adds an accidental fierceneſs to
Its natural fury.

Mor. If 'twere the Kings command, 'twas firſt thy malice
Commanded that command, and then obey'd it.

Ha. Nay, if you have reſolv'd it, truth and reaſon
Are weak and idle arguments;
But let me pity the unhappy inſtruments
Of Princes wills, whoſe anger is our fate,
And yet their love's more fatal than their hate.

Ab. And how well that love hath been requited, *Mirvan* your Confident,
By torture has confeſt.

Mor. The ſtory of the King, and of the Baſhaws.

Ha. Mirvan, poor ſpirited wretch, thou haſt deceiv'd me;
Nay then farewel my hopes, and next my fears.

Enter Soffy.

So. What horrid noiſe was that of Drums and Trumpets, that ſtruck my Ear?
What mean theſe bonds? could not my Grandſiars jealouſie
Be ſatisfied upon his Son, but now
Muſt ſeize his deareſt Favourite? ſure my turn comes next.

Ab. 'Tis come already, Sir; but to succeed him, not them:
Long live King *Soffy*.

Without Drums and Trumpets.

So. But why are these men Prisoners?
Ab. Let this inform you.
So. But is my Grandsire dead?
Ab. As sure as we are alive.
So. Then let 'em still be prisoners, away with 'em;
Invite our Mother from her sad retirement,
And all that suffer for my Fathers love,
Restraint or punishment.

Enter Princess.

So. Dear Mother, make
Our happiness compleat, by breaking through
That cloud of sorrow,
And let us not be wanting to our selves,
Now th' heavens have done their part,
Lest so severe and obstinate a sadness
Tempt a new vengeance.
Princess. Sir, to comply with you I'le use a violence
Upon my nature; Joy is such a foreiner,
So meer a stranger to my thoughts, I know
Not how to entertain him; but sorrow
Ill made by custom so habitual,
'Tis now part of my nature.
So. But can no pleasure, no delight divert it?
Greatness, or power, which women most affect,

If

If that can do it, rule me, and rule my Empire.

Princeſs. Sir, ſeek not to rob me of my tears, Fortune
Her ſelf is not ſo cruel; for my counſels
Then may be unſucceſsful, but my prayers
Shall wait on all your actions.

Enter Solyman, as from the Rack. Guard.

So. Alas poor *Solyman*, how is he altered?

Sol. Why, becauſe I would not accuſe your Father, when your Grandfather
Saw he could not ſtretch my conſcience, thus he has
Stretcht my carkaſs.

Mor. I think they have ſtretcht his wit too.

Sol. This is your Fathers love that lies thus in my bones;
I might have lov'd all the Pocky Whores in *Perſia*, and
Have felt it leſs in my bones.

So. Thy faith and honeſty ſhall be rewarded
According to thine own deſire.

Sol. Friend, I pray thee tell me whereabout my knees are,
I would fain kneel to thank his Majeſty:
Why Sir, for the preſent my deſire is only to have
A good Bone-ſetter, and when your Majeſty has done that office
To the Body Politick, and ſome skilful
Man to this body of mine (which if it had been a Body

Politick, had never come to this) I shall by that
Time think on something for my suffering:
But must none of these great ones be Hang'd for
Their Villanies? (*Aside.*

Mor. Yes certainly.

Sol. Then I need look no further, some of their estates
Will serve my turn.

Sol. Bring back those villains.

Enter Haly and Caliph.

Sol. Now to your tears, dear Madam, and the Ghost
Of my dead Father, will I consecrate
The first fruits of my justice: Let such honours
And funeral rites, as to his birth and vertues
Are due, be first performed, then all that were
Actors, or Authors of so black a deed,
Be sacrific'd as Victims to his Ghost:
First thou, my holy Devil, that couldst varnish
So foul an act with the fair name of Piety:
Next thou, th' abuser of thy Princes ear.

Cal. Sir, I beg your mercy.

Ha. And I a speedy death, nor shall my resolution
Disarm it self, nor condescend to parley
With foolish hope.

So. 'Twere cruelty to spare 'em, I am sorry

I muſt commence my reign in blood, but duty
And juſtice to my fathers ſoul exact
This cruel piety; lets ſtudy for a puniſhment,
A feeling one,
And borrow from our ſorrow ſo much time,
T' invent a torment equal to their crime.

Exeunt.

FINIS.

The Epilogue.

'Tis done, and we alive again, and now
There is no Tragedy, but in your brow.
And yet our Author hopes you are pleas'd, if not;
This having fail'd, he has a second Plot:
'Tis this; the next day sends us in your Friends,
Then laugh at them, and make your selves amends.
Thus, whether it be good or bad, yet you
May please your selves, and you may please us too:
But look you please the Poet, lest he vow
A full revenge upon you all, but how?
'Tis not to kill you all twenty a day,
He'l do't at once, a more compendious way;
He means to write again; but so much worse,
That seeing that, you'l think it a just curse,
For censuring this: 'Faith give him your applause,
As you give Beggars Money; for no cause,
But that he's troublesome, and he has swore,
As Beggars do, he'l trouble you no more.